

Can Sirens be Pirates too?

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/35037862) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/35037862>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Categories:	Multi , Other
Fandoms:	Minecraft (Video Game) , Dream SMP
Relationships:	Technoblade & Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Ranboo & Toby Smith Tubbo & TommyInnit , Ranboo & Technoblade & Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Ranboo & Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Ranboo & Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Kristin Rosales & Ranboo & TommyInnit & Toby Smith Tubbo
Characters:	Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Toby Smith Tubbo , Kristin Rosales Watson , Wilbur Soot , Eret (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Ranboo-centric (Video Blogging RPF) , Technoblade-centric (Video Blogging RPF) , Alternate Universe - Fantasy , He/Him and They/Them Pronouns for Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , Technoblade and Phil Watson are Platonic Partners , Alternate Universe - Pirate , Accidental kidnapping , Major Character Injury , Protective Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Protective Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Technoblade Adopts Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , Phil Watson Adopts Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , Siren Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , Siren TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Siren Tubbo , Siren Kristin Rosales Watson , Pirate Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Pirate Wilbur Soot , Pirate Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , mermaid au , Technoblade has a peg leg , Angst and Hurt/Comfort , Blood and Violence , Non-Graphic Violence
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Fishboo's Adventures in the Life of Piracy
Collections:	The fanfics that had me lying awake at night like omg
Stats:	Published: 2021-11-10 Completed: 2022-04-07 Words: 41,834 Chapters: 8/8

Can Sirens be Pirates too?

by [B0N3D4D1](#)

Summary

"Ranboo knew he was screwed the second they left the water, that he'd be dead by the end of the day. This didn't mean he'd stop fighting though, no if he was going to die they'd be taking at least one of these people with them to Davy Jones' locker. "

AKA

Fishboo learns how to be a pirate while also getting adopted by two pirates.

It's a fun time for all!

Notes

My dumbass forgot the tw section, I'm so sorry.

TW's;;

Blood

Violence

Mentions of Wounds/Injuries

Accidental Kidnapping

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Is it kidnapping if it's a fish?

Ranboo would consider his life pretty normal. He awoke with the sun, they and their brothers would go hunt down something to eat, explore around the cave systems, maybe find a sunken ship and raid it, and if Kristin was back they'd venture farther out into the open ocean. Ranboo doesn't usually stray from this schedule, so why has he found himself in the open ocean with his two siblings without their mother?

Short answer; Tommy and Tubbo wanted to check out a newly sunken ship not that far from their cave, and of course, Ranboo wasn't just going to let their pod leave without him. They are supposed to watch after the other two, being the oldest and all, yet neither listen to them.

"If Kristin comes back and we aren't there again she'll be pissed, last time we got off with just some extra chores but who knows what she'll do this time?!"

"Oh shush you worry-squid, we'll be back before she is."

The siren sighed as he swam after the younger two, not wanting to accidentally lose sight of either of them. Tommy was the ringleader like always, Tubbo just adding to the chaos by encouraging the youngest. These two were going to be the death of him one day.

"Lighten up Boo, we'll be okay. Think of it as an adventure, mom won't even find out about it!"

"Bo, I really don't think we should be doing this. There's a reason Mother doesn't want us out this far without her."

"Both of you shut the fuck up, I see the ship!"

Sure enough, there was a ship sitting innocently in the sand, only a few holes in its wooden body. There was barely any algae on it, a few fish daring to get close without actually going inside the thing. Ranboo would never guess why Tommy loved these things so much.

Kristin had always warned them of these ships, saying to stay away from them no matter what. Yet here they were, his two brothers swimming eagerly towards the wooden structure. Ranboo was a bit more hesitant but soon swam faster to catch up with the others, head swiveling side to side for potential threats.

They watched as Tubbo slipped through one of the holes, being the smallest of them all it was fairly easy for him to fit through the openings. Tommy had to swim around a bit before finding a hole big enough for him, even then he needed to tuck his fins close to squeeze through. Ranboo was content outside of the ship, he could probably fit through one of the holes easily but they didn't want to risk getting stuck in there. Plus the other two would need a lookout, something Ranboo was always volunteered for.

They could hear the muffled voices of their siblings, some excited chatter over something they found. Tubbo poked his head out occasionally to show them what he and/or Tommy found, usually something shiny and reflective.

Soon minutes went by, Ranboo had gotten bored of remaining stationary so he swam up over the ship. Exploring the top half was a lot better, even though there wasn't much it still felt safer than being actually inside the thing. Though feeling safe and actually being safe were two totally different things.

It was when Ranboo was attempting to read a plaque attached to the wood when things went wrong. The slightest shift in the current is what alerted them that they were no longer alone. Sure enough, when the teen looked up he could see a lone creature approaching. It must have been big, even from this distance he could tell the being was at least twice their size.

They quickly pushed off of the wood and dove towards one of the openings, they had to warn the other two of this danger. The only problem? He couldn't hear his brother's excited chatter anymore. Did they go deeper? Crap.

Glancing back they could see the creature approaching faster, its size steadily growing. It was also then that he was able to name the thing, an orca. Oh, they were screwed.

Ranboo picked a random hole and dived into it, having to wiggle around to pull themselves through it. Once inside he could look for his siblings, the wooden walls wouldn't keep a killer whale away for long. They know it saw them, otherwise, why would it approach an empty ship?

The siren let out a thrill, a simple call for their pod. He waited to hear a response but it was eerily silent. This is why they hate ships, they're way too creepy and always remind him of a graveyard. Ranboo released another thrill, this one a bit louder. Thankfully they heard two responding thrills from deeper in the ship, swimming towards the echoing sounds quickly.

He was met halfway by the two younger teens, each looking concerned. They both knew Ranboo didn't enter ships unless something was wrong, so obviously they were both on edge.

"We gotta go. An orca spotted me."

The younger two nodded, shoving whatever they grabbed into their handmade pouches before following their elder brother out of the ship. Sure enough, there was an orca speeding to them, they had seconds to plan an escape route.

"Tubbo you take Tommy and swim erratically so it can't catch you."

"And what about you bossman?"

"I'm going to try and lure it away from you two."

Both younger teens frowned at Ranboo, obviously not liking this plan.

"That's a stupid ass plan."

"Oh, I'm sorry Tommy, please enlighten me on what we should be doing then?" Ranboo snarked back, watching as Tommy avoided their eyes. "That's what I thought, now just go and make sure you stay together."

The teen waited until both pod members were dashing away before spinning around to face the black and white beast. He wasn't the fastest of their trio, no that was Tubbo, but Ranboo was confident enough in their skills to judge when the best time to move was. They counted down in their head, remaining still before darting in the opposite direction. He knew the orca was following him, they could feel it steadily getting closer.

The clownfish dodged and weaved around, trying to lose the creature with quick movements but the whale was persistent. There were a few too many close calls where the thing almost latched onto their tail. Ranboo wasn't sure how far he swam while the orca chased them, but he did catch sight of yellow and red in his peripherals.

Ranboo growled under his breath, they told them to swim away from the thing not follow after him. They couldn't really blame either of the two though, they were just worried which is understandable he'd be the same way. And of course, the orca spotted them as well, Tommy and Tubbo were so much more eye-catching than them. Tommy was bright reds and creams while Tubbo was bright yellow and black, the two sucked at camouflage and now they were going to pay for it.

The orca turned and started heading towards them instead. Ranboo flipped around before chasing after the predator, getting close enough to latch onto it with his claws. The whale twisted and started spinning, attempting to throw them off. The teen held on though, refusing to let go just so it could continue chasing his brothers. They could see red and yellow approaching quickly, most likely coming to help in some way.

Things went from bad to worse in a matter of seconds. Once the spinning stopped there was a searing pain in his side, making them pull their claws out of the creature. Next thing he knew he was being pulled sideways before being flung. They could hear their pod calling his name, fear lacing their tones, which just heightened their fear.

Ranboo tumbled and flipped around a few times before smacking into something rough and scratchy, the material quickly tangling their tail and fins. The more the teen struggled the less mobility they seemed to get, soon enough they were ensnared to the point they could barely move. He attempted to rip apart the thing with his claws and teeth but the material was strong and unyielding.

Tubbo and Tommy were weaving around the orca, getting a few scratches in as they passed close enough. Eventually, the being seemed to give up, finding the sirens too much of a hassle for a simple meal, swimming away quickly. Neither of the two followed after it, instead turning and speeding to their sibling.

They got maybe a few feet away before whatever Ranboo was wrapped up in started to move, pulling the captured siren up with it. The teen thrashed and fought against the thing, trying to

swim downward while just ensnaring himself further. Tommy and Tubbo called out for him, sharp cries piercing against the currents. Ranboo gave his own call, a distressed cry as they watched the other two try to race towards him.

They were getting too close to breaching the water, and all three knew that if they didn't do something now then whatever had caught Ranboo would get its prize. Both of their brothers were reaching for them, both pushing themselves to just swim faster.

But it was a wasted effort.

The last thing Ranboo saw before being pulled out of the water was their brothers, their pod, their bonded reaching out and crying for them. Then everything was bright and heavy, it was cold as well.

Living on the sea one would think you'd get tired of seeing the sea after a week of staring at it non-stop, but no Techno actually found peace in watching the waves crash into the hull of his ship. Life on the sea was rarely boring, be it hunting down treasure or just proving yourself in battle, the ocean had it all.

The sea had no rules, no law to follow, only the chaotic currents and your own power. Just as Technoblade likes it, no corrupt crown tells him where he can and can not sail.

Currently, he was captain of his own ship, a trusty crew by his side, as they took the sea by storm. He had made a name for himself, The Blood God, a name that mothers warn their children about. It also helped that his first mate was known as the Angel of Death, neither being far from the other.

Techno could never forget the day he first met Philza Craft, the man had pick-pocketed him. The blonde had managed to escape that day, but the next Techno managed to spot him in the crowd and subdue him. After that Phil would try stealing from Techno almost daily, it got to the point they started talking and became close friends.

Things changed a bit when Phil suggested the life of piracy, spinning tales of free spirits that control the seas, and how the crown has been painting them in a bad light for years. When the blonde stated he rented out a ship Techno thought his friend had finally gone mad, that or he got scammed. Turns out Phil did actually rent a ship, including a crew. Techno was iffy at first, unsure if this was what he truly wanted to do with his life. And yet here he is, eleven years later still sailing with that crew and his platonic partner. He wouldn't change anything about this life even if he could.

The pinkette had woken before the dawn, waking the rest of his crew and sending the night watch to their bunks. He barked orders to the men and women on his ship, taking certain

tasks for himself as well. Techno didn't believe people should hold power over others, some call him an anarchist which is a pretty good name for him.

He knew he had power over his crew but he vowed to never use it, instead he used the respect the crew had for himself and Phil. They trusted him with their lives as he did with them, he may be captain in name but he was equal with every member of his crew.

Just as he finished tying off the sails he noticed a familiar mop of blonde hair approaching him, a small smile gracing his lips as he watched the man wave eagerly at him. Phil was as energetic as always, a bounce in his step as he approached.

"Tech! I talked with Bad, if we get a good haul today he said we'd have a feast! I already had some of the men throw over the nets, we should at least catch enough for a mini feast."

"You say talk but I'm sure if I asked Bad he'd tell me how you have been pestering him for the past week for a feast. Just admit it, you only want this feast for the rum we'll drag out for it."

The blonde huffed but didn't argue, Techno knew he was right anyway. Bad had mentioned how much Phil was practically begging for a party, also pestering the man to pull out the 'good stuff' for it.

"Either way, we'll catch a shit ton of fish and throw a party. The rest of the crew deserve it anyway."

Techno sighed but agreed, his crew has been working hard and deserved a chance to relax for at least a night. A feast would get them all excited, plus they could spare the extra food, they were planning on docking within a week or so to restock and catch up on the current gossip. It was always smart to know what the crown's troops were up to, especially if there were even more bounties on their heads.

"Fine, we can throw together a little something tonight. Go tell Bad and get someone to set up the tanks, we don't want any spoiled fish."

Phil eagerly nodded, saluting the man with an 'aye aye captain' before running off below deck. The pinkette chuckled to himself before heading towards the captain's quarters, and just as he thought there stood Wilbur. The brunette was leaning over multiple maps, planning out courses and detours for their journey.

"Before you ask, yes I did sleep last night and no I don't plan on stopping until I finish this."

"Well good morning to you too."

Wilbur huffed before glancing up, the man had bags under his eyes. Techno believed Wil had only slept for an hour or two before going straight back to his maps. The pinkette had to admit, Wilbur was an amazing strategist but the man overworked himself constantly; almost to the point of madness. Phil had to tie the poor guy down on a bed once just so he would sleep, thankfully they haven't had to do that for a while but Techno knew they would have to

if this kept up.

"How much more do you have? Phil wants to throw a feast, he'll probably drag you out of your cave here if you don't show up."

The brunette ran a hand across his face with a sigh, massaging his eyes before flopping back into the captain's chair.

"I don't know Techno, everytime I get close to figuring out what this map is saying it ends up throwing me towards the antarctic. That can't be right, but that's all it's telling me."

"I think you should take a break, look at it with fresh eyes tomorrow."

Techno watched as the man groaned, leaning back in the chair. He threw his arms up as he spoke, gesturing around with each word.

"But what if I miss something! Or forget what I already found out! I can't take that risk! If I steer us off track then we could all die, and I can't have that!"

"Wil calm down, we aren't going to die because you're struggling to read this map we stole. For all we know it could be a hoax, don't worry about it so much. Just focus on finding the nearest port so we can restock, after that me and Phil will help with the mystery map okay?"

Wilbur sighed, going limp in the seat. Techno would have thought the man fell asleep right then and there if he couldn't see the hazel brown eyes glaring at the wood desk in front of him.

"Fine. But only because our dear captain wants me to."

Said captain sighed fondly and with fake annoyance, he was against the title for a while but now he learned to accept it; plus his crew wouldn't even think of not calling him captain.

"Get some sleep Wil, I'll have someone come get you before the feast."

"Make sure Bad gets some salmon!"

Techno smirked before nodding, heading out of the room and across the deck. His crew was bustling around, each performing tasks or chores. Techno's crew was never lazy, sure they'd complain occasionally but it was always just for fun. The captain was proud of his crew, without them he would be just a man sitting in a boat not a captain of a mighty pirate ship.

The morning proceeded as it usually does; crew running around making sure the ship was still operating correctly, Bad down in the kitchen with Skeppy, Phil's blonde hair being spotted up in the crow's nest, and Techno behind the wheel. It was nice and calming, something the pinkette found comfort in. It changed when one of his crew called out, attempting to pull up one of the nets.

He and some other crew members made their way over to help pull whatever got caught in it,

it wouldn't be the first time they've pulled in a shark or something. Techno would actually love to pull in a shark, Bad made a mean shark stew. Needless to say, whatever they caught was huge and heavy, the thing was fighting the whole time. Techno was sure a few of his men would be pulled overboard if not for the rest of the crew arriving to help as well.

Eventually, they get the thing out of the water and on the deck. Techno had at first thought they caught a killer whale or something, but it was way too small to be one of those behemoths. It had similar black and white tail but that's where the similarities ended. While it was small compared to a killer whale the thing was still large to him and his crew, if Techno had to estimate this thing was at least six feet long.

It was thrashing around as it got even more tangled in the net and seaweed attached to it. Techno considered having his crew just throw it back into the sea, but this was something he's never seen before. If he remembers correctly people paid good money for rare or unique fish, maybe they could pawn it off to some rando at the next port.

"Bring this thing down to the tank, we'll sell it at the next port!"

Techno helped drag the big creature below deck, taking notice of the smeared trail of blood it was leaving behind. Hopefully, the thing didn't die before they got to shore, no one wants a dead mystery creature.

Once they got the thing in front of the somewhat small tank that was built into the ship's floor, it was only meant to hold a bunch of tiny fish not whatever this thing was, he started cutting at the net. He didn't want to cut too much and make the thing useless, nets this big were expensive and he didn't want to have to purchase another one so soon.

The thing was still thrashing around but it slowed from earlier when they first brought it up, which still made it hard to untangle the rope from it. Once he was confident he cut enough the pinkette used his wooden foot to push the thing into the water, he and his crew watched as the thing writhed around before escaping the net.

Whatever it was it was quick, it darted around the tank in an attempt to find an escape. It was a blur of black and white, not pausing in its efforts. Most of his crew left shortly after getting the creature into the tank, not finding much interest in a weird fish, only he and Phil remained at the tank's side.

"What do you think it is? A baby whale? Some mutated fish? A siren?"

"Phil, it's not a siren. Those things are just things pirates made up to keep people away from the sea."

"No Tech, I've seen one before! She was gorgeous! But she was definitely bigger than this creature..."

The pinkette sighed, he's heard the story so much he could recite it in his sleep. Apparently, Phil was once on a navy ship, years before he met Techno, when they ran into sirens. The blonde had said he was one of the only survivors that day, but he swears up and down he saw

a siren. Her hair black as night, her eyes a piercing gold, a large indigo tail that shimmered with violet scales, and the most unbelievable part; she must have been at least twelve feet long.

"It's not a siren okay, it's some fish someone is going to pay to have in some weird collection. So stop with this- what are you doing?"

Techno paused as he watched the blonde run around the tank, chasing the thing as it swam around.

"I wanna see what it looks like, but it's moving around too much, so I should move with it that way I can see it better."

"Phil... that's not how that works..."

"Shut."

The blonde continued this weird dance with the creature, that was until it leaped out of the water. It landed on the wooden lower deck with a loud thud before it started thrashing again. Great, they'd have to put a lid on the tank if this fish kept trying to breach itself.

Techno went to push it back into the tank, as soon as his pegleg touched it the thing turned and latched its jaws around the wood. And that's when Techno got a good look at the thing, and it wasn't a fish.

Instead of a weird fish face staring at him, it was a human one; well mostly human if you ignore the scales on its cheeks, or the weird things sticking out of its hair, or the piercing red and green eyes that looked like they were glowing, or the sharp teeth currently threatening to snap his leg.

If this was a fish, this was the weirdest goddamn fish Technoblade has ever seen.

Whatever he was wrapped in was now pushing extra hard against them, digging into their skin. Gravity weighed them down as if his stomach was filled with stones, causing them to use more energy just to move. The rough material was rubbing against the wound in his side, blood staining whatever it touched.

Ranboo's main focus was to escape, get their brothers and themselves out of here, and go back to the safety of their cave. But each second they were being pulled up and away from the sea below, he could barely make out the blurry figures of the two teens circling below them.

He was grateful they didn't try to breach the waves, it would do none of them any good if all

three were taken to who knows where. Soon they were being pulled in a different direction, gaze now landing on the blue sky above them. He thrashed as much as they could once they hit something hard and solid, he recognized it as wood but that didn't help them at the moment.

There was a commotion above them, random noises mixed with a few words that Ranboo could recognize. It was made obvious then that his captor was not just one but multiple people, things just kept getting better. They were being dragged now, side scrapping against the material and wood beneath him, leaving a trail behind them.

Ranboo knew he was screwed the second they left the water, that he'd be dead by the end of the day. This didn't mean he'd stop fighting though, no if he was going to die they'd be taking at least one of these people with them to Davy Jones' locker.

Someone came close, Ranboo could see hints of pink from this being, it was also holding something reflective and obviously sharp. This just caused more fear to flood his system, the desperate need to escape taking over. The teen thrashed even harder, burning energy quickly.

He was waiting for the burn of pain but it never came, instead they were being pushed before falling into the water. They writhed around to escape the material, it fell off around him, before darting around. They ran into a wall at least twice in their desperate attempt to escape, above them the number of creatures shrunk, leaving only two. One was the pink they saw earlier the other was green, both watching him as he looked for an exit.

Was this a game to them? Watch your food struggle for survival until they tire themselves out? It was pretty sadistic honestly, he's seen dolphins do it before so they should have expected this.

Soon green was following him, were they trying to hunt him? They're too slow to get close enough but Ranboo was running on fumes, they'd have to slow soon, and then green would catch them. That couldn't happen. So Ranboo swam another lap around the enclosure before pushing himself up and out of the water.

This was a stupid move usually, leaving their element, but he was desperate. They just had to make it back to the ocean then they could hightail it out of there. Of course, it wasn't that simple, pink was moving closer to him. Pink was a lot quicker out of the water than Ranboo, the siren would be caught in seconds if he didn't do something.

As soon as something touched their side he struck, latching onto whatever they could. Ranboo didn't care what it was, as long as it stopped pink from killing them. The first thing he noticed was the lack of blood, so he didn't bite pink unless pink just didn't have blood which doesn't make sense. Instead, there was a crunch and sharp things poking their gums and cheeks, he didn't dare let go though.

Ranboo glared up at pink taking in their shocked expression, pink was frozen while staring at them. The siren growled as he tightened his grip on the wooden thing attached to pink, claws digging into the wood under them. They attempted to pull the wood thing but pink barely budged, this would have worked in the water but they weren't in the water, no he was above

water and currently vulnerable.

Pink seemed to come out of their shock, now just looking angry as they glared back at Ranboo. The teen would have been intimidated by pink but pink only looked mad, their pupils were round and not slit like Ranboo's own so pink wasn't truly mad. Pink moved back, pulling the wood thing with Ranboo still attached, the teen thrashing their tail a bit to regain balance while keeping a hold on their leverage.

Green was soon approaching from the side, Ranboo wasn't going to let them get close. He smacked their tail in front of green, giving fair warning to green to not get closer. Green didn't listen, no green moved out of reach to get closer. Pink was moving again, turning them to the other side away from green.

Green was soon gone from his sight, not a good thing for Ranboo. They could release whatever this wooden thing was and snap at green but then that left pink in prime position to strike. Neither option was looking good, so Ranboo hissed past their teeth, another warning that was ignored. The teen's threats weren't working, pink and green didn't think he was a threat to them.

Something touched their side, it was small and gentle but it shocked them enough to flinch and freeze for a second. Ranboo attempted to move away from the touch but it just followed him, the only way to get it to stop would be to release pink. They debated with themselves but soon the decision was made when the touch prodded at his wound a little too roughly.

Instincts flared to life with the pain, forcing the teen to deal with the bigger threat at his side. They released the wood before turning to snap at green, green was the one touching him, but they were stopped before their teeth could latch onto green. Pink grabbed onto their hair and yanked, essentially pulling the teen back with it. Ranboo hissed again, thrashing in the hold before reaching to grab onto pink.

Again he was stopped, this time their world being flipped before landing on his back. Pink sat over him, pinning their arms down and keeping his tail contained. It was hard enough to breathe through shredded gills but pink's weight was just adding onto it, forcing part of their gills shut with a leg. They were practically wheezing, having pushed themselves past their limits and a large wound over half their gills from the orca earlier. No matter how much Ranboo thrashed he couldn't escape the grip, pink was saying something too green but the teen couldn't make out the words.

Kristin and Tubbo may know human language but Ranboo had only picked up a few words from their teachings, and they were really regretting not learning more. It was obvious to the siren these were the fabled humans his mother spoke about, dangerous creatures they should stay away from at all costs.

"-xxx take xxxxx water xxx xxx yes xx xxxx-"

This would be a lot better if they could understand pink and green, but no they were at pink's mercy right now and pink didn't look like they were moving anytime soon. Ranboo's energy was draining quickly, adrenaline fading out just as fast. Their side was still burning and pink's

grip was tight on their wrists, everything was hurting and the severity of the situation hit them.

Ranboo was going to die here. Pink and green were going to kill them. That's what humans did right? Kill sirens for no reason. Terror started soaking into them, he was trapped with no escape and facing certain death. Maybe pink and green would be merciful, make it quick and painless. Or they'll draw it out, make him suffer before death claims him.

Ranboo can only hope pink and green had an ounce of empathy they would share with him.



Pirates don't make good doctors

Chapter Summary

Fishboo's first doctor visit
Pirateza and Pirateblade start the adoption process

Chapter Notes

TW's::

Blood

Mentions of Wounds/Injuries

DIY Stitches

Violence

Mentions of Death/Murder (No actual death, just the thought of being killed)

Torture (Not really but Ranboo thinks it is)

Passing Out/Fainting (Somewhat, not fully)

Human Trafficking (Not really, just mentioning selling siren Ranboo)

((Brief summary in end notes~))

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Maybe Techno would have to rethink his stance on sirens, because whatever this thing is, it's no fish that's for sure. But then again it wasn't quite human either, considering the giant scaled tail that took up its whole lower body. But it didn't matter what it was, it was currently breaking his wooden leg, Techno didn't want to have to replace that.

The pinkette glared back at the thing, pulling himself back to see if the thing would release him. It didn't. No, instead it was dragged along with him, unbalancing itself before growling at him.

He could see Phil approaching from the side, but the fish thing saw him as well. It slammed its tail against the floor in front of the blonde, Phil jumping back before moving around the limb. The thing was trying to keep both of them in its sight, gaze flicking from Phil to himself.

His partner was smart, moving into its blindspot to get even closer. Techno didn't think the

best thing would be to get closer but he can understand the blonde's curiosity, especially if this was a fabled siren. Phil had a weird obsession with them, saying he'd find the one he saw years ago. Most pirates that were obsessed with sirens usually only wanted to find one to catch or kill for the fame that came with it, not Phil though. No, the crazy bastard wanted to interact with a siren, be friends with one if he could.

Techno pulled himself and the thing to the side, pulling Phil completely from the thing's view. He'd help his friend sate his curiosity at least a bit, keeping the thing's focus on him instead of Phil. The thing hissed at him, obviously not liking any of this, but it still refused to release his peg leg from its jaws.

Phil, the idiot, got close enough to its side and started touching the thing. The creature flinched before attempting to move away from the blonde, not getting far since it was still holding onto Techno. Phil continued looking over the thing, poking a few scales on its back and shoulder.

Phil gasped suddenly, pulling Techno's attention to the man. Did he get hurt somehow? The blonde looked concerned but uninjured so that's a plus.

"What?"

"It's hurt... badly."

Well, that explained the trail of blood left behind when they dragged it over to the tank, plus the small amount of red staining the floor beside the creature. Before Techno could respond to his partner the man decided to examine the wound, prodding around it.

Techno could see the moment the thing decided to let him go and instead go after Phil, it's already slit pupils getting even thinner. He had seconds to react, and react he did. The pinkette grabbed the first thing he could, the thing's long hair. He yanked it back, its jaw snapping air, while Phil scrambled back.

It hissed and thrashed around, almost throwing Techno off balance with its erratic movements. It reached up with clawed hands, probably to remove itself from the pinkette's hold. But before it could even make contact the pirate was flinging it around, pinning its wrists, and sitting on top of its tail.

It attempted to escape, writhing around on the ground but was unable to break the pirate's grip. He glared down at it while it glared right back, baring too sharp of teeth at him. He would prefer not to get bit by those, they'd shred his skin into ribbons in a matter of seconds.

Techno could see Phil approaching again, slower this time and keeping his sight on the thing pinned beneath the pinkette. He was confident in his hold that he didn't yell at the blonde to back off, the thing wasn't escaping anytime soon.

"What do we do with it? Take it to port? Put it back in the water?"

"I don't know, I mean yes we could do either of those things but should we? If we take it to

shore and sell it we'll be rich, but it'll also bring a lot of attention to us. If we just let it go then who would believe that two pirates had a siren and just let it go?"

"I don't think it'll survive if we toss it back. That wound is nasty and would attract sharks in a second."

Techno glanced down at the thing's side, adjusting his leg slightly so it wasn't pushing right up against the injury. Sure enough, it wasn't a pretty sight, their whole right side was covered in blood; puncture wounds still bleeding sluggishly. Something big bit the thing, he was surprised there wasn't a chunk or something missing from the creature.

"We could-"

"Phil please don't be suggesting what I think you're suggesting."

"I'm just saying, we keep it here and fix it up. Then once it's healed up we can debate what to do with it."

The pinkette sighed curse Phil and his bleeding heart. The blonde had the nasty habit of getting attached to hurt people, that's how they found Wilbur. The man just came back to the ship one day with a limping brunette following him, and now Wilbur was a core member of his crew. But there is a difference between Phil basically adopting Wilbur, who is a human, versus wanting to do the same with this thing. He should probably refer to it as a siren now, because what else could it be? Plus it sounded better than 'thing'.

"It's a liability, what happens when it kills one of the crew?"

"We can keep them away, only the two of us can watch over it. You can easily overpower it and I'm sure I could wrangle it if needed."

Phil wasn't letting up, it was obvious to Techno how the blonde was getting excited about having the siren on board. He wasn't really worried about Phil getting too hurt, he knew how strong the blonde truly was underneath all of that child-like attitude.

"If this bites us in the ass I'm blaming you, I'll throw you off the ship and not pick you back up this time."

"Oh, it'll be fine! Just think, a real siren and we're the first pirates to interact with one and not die!"

"Well, we won't get to if it bleeds out on my floor."

Phil cursed before running around, opening barrels and chests as he looked for something. He gave a noise of triumph as he raised a small sewing kit above his head, this was going to end well.

Pink and green were conversing above him, gibberish being thrown around from the two. They weren't very excited by green's eager tone or by pink's annoyed one. Ranboo kept their glare on pink, shooting one at green as well when green got closer. A constant growl was vibrating his throat, teeth on full display as a warning that was once again ignored.

A few words stuck out but nothing to help the siren understand what pink and green were talking about. Soon green was running off, oh that wasn't good. Pink was watching green, pink's grip still tight and unyielding around their wrists. Thankfully pink's leg was no longer digging into his side, making it just a little easier to breathe.

Green made a noise to their left before running back over, a box was being held in green's hand. Did that small box contain an item to kill him? It seems almost too small to hold anything life-threatening though, and green seemed a mix of excitement and concern.

Pink adjusted a bit, moving so he was sitting lower on their tail. Ranboo wasn't sure why until green got closer to his side, something tiny and reflective held between green's fingers. It didn't look like a weapon, it looked like an urchin spine, which yeah they hurt but not deadly. But this thing was metal and had a string attached to it.

Green got closer and Ranboo growled louder, gnashing his teeth together while shooting a glare at green. Green paused for a second before placing a hand on Ranboo's stomach, the teen attempting to move away from the touch but pink's grip held strong. Green was saying something, tone soft as if trying to comfort him.

Ranboo just snarled at green, throwing one at pink as well. It was when his focus was on pink that there was a sharp pain in their side, head snapping to green and whatever green was doing. Green was using the small metal spike to stab through their skin, green's hand applying pressure on the teen's stomach as if to keep him still.

The siren attempted to thrash, more hisses escaping their throat as green continued with this strange form of torture. It hurt. It burned. It needed to stop. Ranboo was getting louder, hisses shifting to whines and distressed warbles. His mind begged to call for their pod, for help even though they knew it wouldn't be coming.

The siren cried for his family, his bonded, their brothers, their mother, anyone. But no one came, and green and pink didn't stop.

He wasn't sure how long this went on for but eventually green moved back, their side still burned but the repeated stabbing was gone thankfully. Ranboo was exhausted, having used up almost all their energy trying to fight against the two. Now they were limp, body trembling slightly.

Pink's grip relaxed a bit, not fully letting them go but no longer painful. Not that Ranboo could get far if pink did release them, it felt like he could barely even lift his tail there was no way they'd escape like this. Pink and green were talking again, voices quiet.

Green said something before pink slowly letting go of the teen's wrists, watching him the whole time and ready to strike again if Ranboo tried anything. The siren just shot an exhausted glare at pink, an almost silent snarl leaving their throat. Pink was then standing, moving a bit away from Ranboo and closer to green. Both were watching him like they were going to strike any second; which fair he would have if they could.

The teen watched them for a second before turning their head, closing his eyes. There was no escape, pink and green had them trapped on this ship, no holes that lead back to the ocean, no sea in sight, and they were tired. Ranboo was too tired to fight anymore, nothing they did worked anyway.

They'd given up.

Giving a siren stitches was not something Technoblade ever thought he'd be doing, or well helping with. Phil was the one with the needle, Techno was just restraining the siren. It was definitely feisty for a fish, it looked ready to kill them both the second it could. Should he still be calling the siren an 'it'? Probably not, seemed a bit too dehumanizing. But technically they weren't human, so did that mean it wasn't dehumanizing?

He was pulled from his inner thoughts by Phil's voice, the blonde speaking softly and calmly as he set up the needle and thread. The man had a hand on the siren's stomach, holding them still as he lined up the needle. The siren was watching Phil, or well glaring would be a better word to describe it. They also shot a glare at Techno before their head snapped back towards Phil, eyes wide before starting to wiggle around.

Techno tightened his grip as Phil applied more pressure to their stomach, the siren hissed and growled as they attempted to escape.

"I know, I know. I'm sorry, it'll be over soon. But we can't leave it like this. Shhh, it'll be okay."

Phil was trying to comfort the siren as he stitched their side together, only pausing for a second before glancing up at Techno.

"What?"

The pinkette's tone was a little harsh but he was currently man-handling a giant fish creature, so can you blame him for being a bit snappy?

"Gills, there's gills on their side. I can't stitch those, they can't breathe if I do."

"Go around then, just do what you can before they slip out of my hold."

Gills was definitely not something he expected, well not on their sides. Shouldn't gills be up by their neck? Just out of the corner of his eye he could see said gills, the little flaps opening and closing quickly. Obviously, they could breathe air since they would have suffocated by now, but it would make sense on why accidentally stitching the things closed would be a horrible decision.

The siren's growls turned from angry to scared, the sound closer to a cry than the snarls from earlier. They were still thrashing around but it was getting slower, still desperate but weaker now. They even started crying at one point, making distressed chirps. Techno felt a bit bad, they were probably terrified. Shit did they even understand Phil or him?

Before he could think more about this revelation the blonde finished, sighing softly before backing up. The siren was still under him, shaking but no longer attempting to escape.

"Let 'em go mate, I don't think they'll attack us."

Techno wasn't too sure about that but he complied, slowly releasing the siren's wrists; preparing to grab them once more if they tried to strike. But they didn't, the siren was watching him with a half-assed glare but didn't move. The pinkette slowly stood, backing away from the creature; its gaze following him.

"Now what siren expert?"

"Now we should probably get them back into the water, let 'em calm down a bit."

"There's a flaw with that plan. How are we getting them back into the tank without losing a hand?"

Techno wasn't ready to have a second limb be replaced with a wooden prosthetic, one was more than enough. Glancing over he caught sight of green and red eyes, keeping eye contact until the siren turned their head.

The pinkette took a step closer to the siren, nudging their tail with his wooden leg. They barely reacted, opening an eye to watch Techno for a second before closing it again. Either they were finally giving up or they were faking it to lure Phil and himself over to attack again.

One way to find out. Techno moved closer to their head, using his peg leg once again to nudge them; this time at their cheek. He got a half-assed growl but no teeth clamping down on his leg again, he was close enough that if they did strike it would be almost impossible to dodge it. But the siren barely budged, only turning their head away from Techno's boot.

Huh.

"Do you think it's safe enough to pick them up? I really don't think we should drag them, it could rip the stitches open."

Phil was right of course but that didn't mean Techno was happy about that, if he lifted the siren his face would be close enough to get it bitten off. He liked his face, it was kind of important. But if they had to reapply the stitches it would be worse, and he'd still have to carry them anyway.

The pinkette sighed before crouching down, sliding an arm under the black and white striped tail and under their upper back. The siren tensed, only squirming a bit as Techno lifted them. Their eyes were wide as they flicked around, hand reaching up and gripping Techno's shirt. The pinkette froze at the action, expecting pain that never came.

Well, there was a bit of pain, their claws poking his chest but they weren't being used to carve into him, instead, they were just holding onto Techno's off-white shirt. They were holding onto him as if they were scared he'd drop them, which fair if he did drop the siren it would definitely hurt when they landed on the wooden floor.

Techno walked over to the tank slowly, keeping his focus on the being in his hold. He was tense, the siren was tense, even Phil was tense as he watched from the sidelines.

Now the pinkette had two choices here, standing in front of the tank. He could just drop the siren into the water, it wouldn't hurt too much since the water would break the fall but they were still injured and the action could reopen the wound. Or he could walk into the tank and deposit them in the water gently, but this brought the added risk of having the siren turn and attack him.

Phil would probably kill him if he just dropped the siren, but the siren may also kill him if he is in the water with them. Honestly, death by siren seemed like a better death than whatever Phil would do to him. The blonde was already attached to the siren, Techno could see it in his eyes as he watched them. So if Techno hurt them more then Phil would be mad at him, and there was a reason the man was given the title; Angel of Death.

So the pinkette sighed as he steeled his nerves and took a step into the water. The tank wasn't too deep, the water only coming up to his mid-section. It would be easy to get out of it but the siren is fast, they'd be able to turn and attack before Techno could escape the tank.

Well here goes nothing.

Slowly he lowered the siren into the water, watching them the entire time. The siren was glancing at him, the water, and behind him at Phil. It was obvious they were suspicious of his actions, claws poking holes in his shirt as their grip tightened. Once halfway submerged they pushed off of Techno, diving under the water.

Techno was ready to run or fight but froze when nothing happened, instead of attacking the siren darted to the opposite end of the tank. They were watching Techno still but now they were curled into the corner, keeping as far away from Techno as they could.

"Well that works I guess..."

The pinkette muttered to himself as he exited the tank, the siren not leaving the corner they

jabbed himself into. Techno rang out his pants, eyes still focused on the siren in the tank.

"How about you go get changed before you get yourself sick and I'll stay here with our guest."

The pinkette sighed, he wasn't thrilled with leaving Phil here by himself with an aggressive siren but he trusted the man to not do anything too stupid. So he nodded, silently heading towards the stairs that lead to the deck. He glanced back, seeing Phil give him a cheeky grin and wave. The siren had poked half their head out of the water, only their eyes and the top of their head visible above the water. They were still watching him, luminescent eyes staring as if they could see his entire being.

Techno shook his head before climbing the stairs, time to make sure his crew didn't venture into the storage room anytime soon.

Pink had nudged him a few times, annoying the siren greatly. If pink and green were going to kill them shouldn't it have happened by now? Was the metal spike supposed to kill him but it didn't work? Were they going to try something else?

He was shocked out of their thoughts by arms gripping him and lifting them up, hand automatically grabbing onto anything to keep himself from falling. Turns out that was pink's shirt, it also turns out they were currently being held by pink. The hell?

What were pink and green planning now? Move him somewhere better suited to murder them? Maybe they'd be thrown back into the sea. Unlikely but that was the preferred option over death.

Pink started moving, heading towards the water enclosure pink first pushed him into. Well at least their death would be in the water, that was a bit better. Ranboo glanced between pink, green, and the water; what now? Pink was watching them, pink's expression was cold but no longer angry and Ranboo wasn't sure if that was a good or bad thing. Green was watching them as well, though green's expression was more concerned than excited like earlier.

Pink paused in front of the water, glancing between it and the teen. Was pink going to drop them in? That would suck but it would be ten times better than being dropped onto the wood. Needless to say, Ranboo was shocked when pink actually walked into the water.

The grip pink had on them was tight, not to the point of hurting, just stiff enough to keep the siren from escaping easily. Pink seemed tense, eyes focused on the teen now instead of the water.

The cool liquid stung his side a bit before relief flooded their system, the burning being

soothed by the lukewarm water. Pink started lowering them, it was slow and Ranboo would almost say gentle, but they ignored that part. At about halfway the clownfish decided that was enough and pushed off of pink, diving under the water and away from pink.

If pink wanted to catch them then pink needed to come to him, Ranboo could dodge pink for a bit until they collapsed. Again this wasn't preferred but this was life or death, and Ranboo has been in plenty of those situations before and he's still swimming so that has to count for something.

Pink and them just stared at each other, one daring the other to just try and get close while the other stood frozen. Words tumbled out of pink's mouth before pink exited the water, Ranboo's eyes never leaving pink. Green said something to pink, and then pink was leaving.

Weird but Ranboo wasn't going to complain, they didn't want pink or green near him anymore or ever again. Pink turned back once more and just stared at them, the siren glared above the water; putting as much hatred in their expression as possible. Pink then left, going up before escaping his view; leaving behind green.

They focused on green now, green was the only threat in the area but who knows when pink will be back. Ranboo glared at green while green merely smiled at him, green must be psychotic. There was no reason to smile, not unless green found enjoyment in Ranboo's suffering.

Green sat cross-legged on the floor by the water, looking as if this was a casual get-together with friends. Green was chattering at them, looking happy and excited again. Ranboo just stared at green, glare turning more into a look of confusion. Was green just going to talk to him? How was that supposed to kill them?

"xxxxx siren xxx xx xxxx xx help xxxx xx xxxx find xxx xxx xx x xx xxxx. what xx xxx name?"

A few words stuck out, again giving almost no context to what green was going on about. The last one sounded like a question though, one Ranboo wasn't going to answer. So the siren just stared at green, waiting to see what green would do next.

Green's rambling paused as green's head tilted to the side, looking a bit confused.

"xxxx she xxx x xxx x talk xxx xxxxx x xxxx xx, speak xxx xx x understand?"

No Ranboo didn't understand, wasn't that obvious. Green seemed to get that they did in fact not understand, instead green mumbled to himself. Green was weird, while pink was strong and aggressive green seemed to stick to the sidelines more. Green was also more expressive than pink, green has gone through so many emotions recently Ranboo isn't sure how green still has energy.

Green was just staring now, probably waiting for Ranboo to answer. Which wasn't going to happen, he couldn't talk his way out of this. No, the only sentence in human they knew was roughly translated to 'help I'm lost' which didn't help at all in this situation, and he refused to use the curses Tommy was so fond of.

Green was still staring, it was getting to be too much. Ranboo hated being the center of attention, always eager to give it all to the lionfish siren who greedily accepted it. But green was focused on him, and earlier both pink and green had been so focused on them. Ranboo needed green to stop staring.

Now Ranboo should have thought more about what he did next, but they were tired and in pain so any rational thought was thrown into the sea. The siren sucked in some water, lifting their head out of the water before spitting the stream of water at green's face. Green flinched and sputtered, attempting to block the water from hitting green's face. Of course, it didn't work well, but it had the desired effect Ranboo was going for.

Green wasn't staring anymore, now just grumbling while twisting the weird head covering green had been wearing. Sure it was a childish move, one they'd probably regret later, but Ranboo was irritated at pink and green. Pink and green deserved a bit of sass in return for the torture session Ranboo endured, hell pink and green deserve worse. But it would be a waste of energy to use his tail to make a wave and splash green, plus it would hurt to move that much with their side still stinging.

With green distracted with trying to get dry again, Ranboo had a chance to see what green did to his side. Instead of holes and blood, there were small lines crisscrossing the wound, keeping it shut. Huh? Was that the string attached to the metal spike? Why was it inside them now?

Ranboo picked at it carefully, not wanting to accidentally nick himself with his own claws. There was a shout that had the siren flinching and whirling to face the noise. Green looked upset, worry furrowing their eyebrows. Why did green yell, there was no need for that?

Green was rambling again, this time gesturing green's hand away from green's side. What the hell was green implying? Didn't matter, they turned to look back at his side, picking at the string once more. Again green yelled, Ranboo shot green a glare. Could green just stop, green is too loud and Ranboo doesn't want to deal with green or pink anymore.

Green looked ready to enter the water, something he definitely didn't want happening. If green entered Ranboo wouldn't be able to escape, they could weave around green or fling himself above water again but that would just give them a few seconds before being caught once more.

Ranboo glared at green, growling under the water and creating bubbles. He kept his eyes above water, wanting to keep green in sight and not blurred by the liquid. Green was chattering again, gesturing even more. The teen could guess what green was implying, green wanted them to stop touching the string stuff. But why?

Was this string supposed to do something? Sure it was keeping the wound closed but surely that wasn't its intended purpose, humans are deadly killers, none would willingly help something outside of their own species. So was the string some kind of mark? A way to show that Ranboo was pink and green's prey? He knew a few sirens did that if they were hunting something big, but that was rarely used anymore. Did humans do that too?

Didn't matter.

The string didn't belong in Ranboo, so it would be removed. They started picking again, this time ignoring green's cries. The teen probably got a few centimeters of string snapped before there was splashing, oh hell no. Their head snapped to green, green was entering the water. Green was only a few yards away and could easily cross those yards and reach Ranboo.

The teen hissed, pushing back against the enclosure. They tried making themselves smaller, which was difficult since green was tinier than him; being closer to five and a half feet versus Ranboo's own seven feet.

Green paused, raising their arms before slowly approaching. Again Ranboo hissed, getting ready to pull themselves out of the enclosure, it would hurt horribly but they really didn't want green getting closer. Soon enough green was too close, the siren quickly turning and attempting to pull themselves out of the water.

It didn't work well, they got about halfway before crying out. His side was pushing against the wood and giving a burst of pain to shock through them. Ranboo sunk down, arms and head resting on the wood while the rest of him remained in the water.

He could hear splashing and green's muttering behind him, they wanted to turn and keep green in sight but even the thought of moving just brought more pain. He was panting, gills fluttering quickly while trying to get as much oxygen as possible. The splashing stopped before loud squishing noises started up, getting louder as they got closer.

Ranboo opened their eyes, having had to close them during the first burst of pain, seeing green approaching quickly. Green was soaked, dripping water constantly as they came closer. The siren gave a quiet hiss, knowing it wouldn't keep green away but his instincts told them to be the bigger threat even if he truly wasn't.

Green was kneeling by the teen's head, hands fluttering around as if scared to touch him. Ranboo would have gladly snapped at green, but his vision was spotting with black, and moving would probably make them pass out; which would be a horrible thing to happen right now.

Green was still chattering, a worried and scared tone lacing their words. Looking up he could see green glancing around as if looking for something. Maybe green was looking for pink? But green saw pink leave, so why look around here when pink was clearly not here anymore.

There was a touch on his head, their half-lidded eyes glaring up at green. Green had their hand on his head, gently chattering to them while petting his head. The hell was green doing now? Again green was just proving to Ranboo that green was crazy.

"-xxx xxxxx xxxx x xxx hurt xxx xxxx xx x stay xx xxx water xxx x x xxx-"

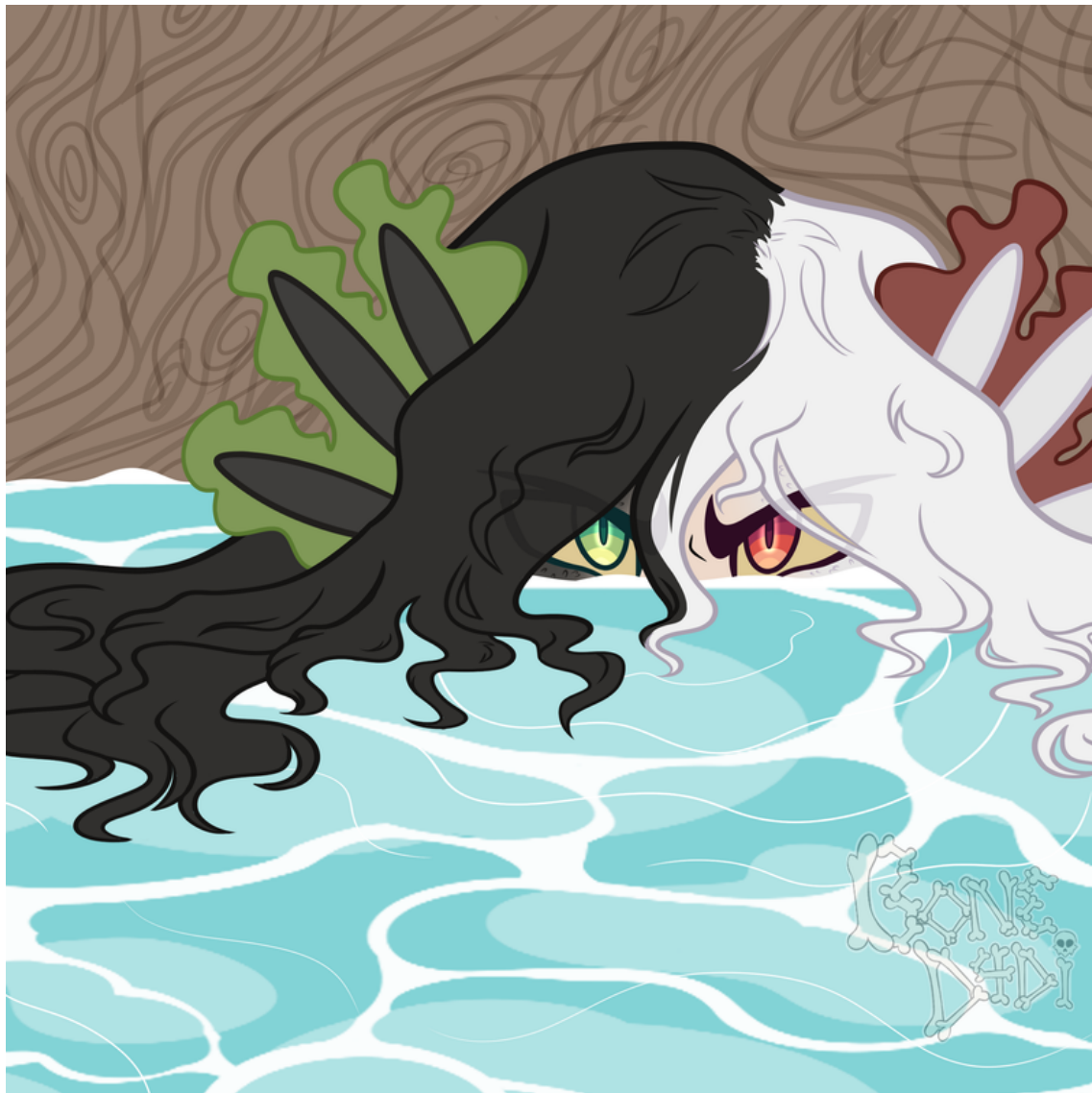
Ranboo grumbled, he didn't care about whatever green was saying. For all they knew, green could be telling him all the different ways pink and green could kill them. But green's voice

was kind of nice, calm and light but still warm; Ranboo would compare it to the sun. Pink's voice was rough, cold, but holding so many emotions buried underneath it; like crashing waves.

They were zoning out, again not a good sign. Green was still stroking their head, quiet words escaping past their lips. Green's touch was gentle, feather-light, it was similar to Kristin's. That thought struck some heartstrings, pulling the feeling of homesickness to the surface.

Ranboo was tired, exhaustion pushing down on them with a vengeance. And green's voice was sounding a bit too close to their mother's, bringing a sense of calm with it. He couldn't sleep yet, they weren't safe, if they slept he might not wake up again. Maybe dying when asleep and ignorant wouldn't be so bad, might even be peaceful.

The last thoughts Ranboo had before drifting off were of home, their pod, his mother, and their brothers.



Chapter End Notes

Summary::

Phil and Techno look over Ranboo while the siren has Techno's leg in their jaws. Phil discovers how badly Ranboo is hurt, touching the wound and causing Ranboo to turn and try to bite Phil. Ranboo gets pinned by Techno quickly, restraining the siren and keeping him from escaping. Phil and Techno debate what to do with Ranboo, Phil suggesting they keep the siren until they heal. Phil runs off and gets a sewing kit to give Ranboo stitches. Ranboo of course doesn't know what's going on and thinks Techno and Phil are torturing him or something. Once finished Ranboo is exhausted from trying to escape, Techno releases the siren who doesn't move and has practically given up at that point. Techno ends up carrying Ranboo back into the tank, leaving afterward to go change into dry clothes. Ranboo is left alone with Phil, the blonde trying to talk with him and not succeeding. Ranboo doesn't know what the stitches are so they attempt to remove them, Phil yells at them twice before entering the tank and freaking Ranboo out. Ranboo attempts to pull themselves out of the tank to escape but can't due to the injury. They remain resting on the wood while being half-submerged while trying not to pass out. Phil comes to their side and attempts to comfort him, slowly lulling the siren into the void of sleep.

Sir, this is a Wendy's

Chapter Summary

You know those aquariums that let you feed the sharks?
Yeah, that's basically this chapter!

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Violence

Blood

Mentions of Wounds/Injuries

Mentions of Stitches

Human Trafficking (again just mentions of selling Ranboo, while under the impression that he isn't sentient)

Threats of Murder/Death (Jokingly)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The captain got a few confused glances thrown his way as he walked across the deck towards his quarters. How was he going to explain that he basically just wrestled with a giant fish before going for a quick dip in its tank? Short answer; he couldn't. He'd ignore their questions, distract them with something else if it gets brought up.

Technoblade wasted no time in removing the damp clothes, having already rung out as much water as he could before leaving Phil and the siren. He grabbed a random shirt and pair of pants, slipping them on quickly. The pinkette did pause to look over his leg, sure enough, there were bite marks all over it. Great, the thing even snapped a chunk off.

He'd buff it out later, it wouldn't collapse on him yet thankfully. He'd rather have to replace the wood than another leg or arm. Techno ran a hand through his hair, detangling it a bit before braiding it. Better to have it out of his way in case he needed to wrangle the siren again.

Once dry again he exited the cabin, raising an eyebrow when his crew looked over to him. They all averted their gaze quickly, the pinkette was grateful they didn't pry. Now, what's a convincing excuse to keep the others out of the storage room? They knew there was a fish down there, maybe he could say it's a type of shark and is aggressive. It's not that far off honestly.

He'd tell Wilbur to spread the news after he wakes up, for now, though he'd venture to the kitchens. Neither he nor Phil had a chance to grab a proper breakfast before they had to deal with a feisty siren. What do sirens even eat?

He paused in the kitchen doorway, shit what did sirens eat? Fish probably, but what type? How much? Could they not eat certain fish? What about bread? Probably not, bread wasn't found in the ocean. What were they going to feed this thing?

Bad soon noticed him, the tall chef giving him a warm smile. Skeppy seemed to be missing though, never a good sign.

"Good morning captain! What can I get ya?"

Techno pulled himself from his thoughts, fully walking into the kitchen. Bad had a stew brewing and was currently cutting up some concoction of vegetables, probably to toss in the stew.

"Morning Bad, just came to grab a plate for myself and Phil. We got a bit sidetracked this morning."

"I heard, some big fish right? What are you planning to do with it?"

Techno would like to know that as well. At first selling the thing seemed best, now it would still work but it came with so many risks. If they sell a siren millions will hear about it then he and his crew will have an even bigger target painted on their backs. But they couldn't just throw it back into the ocean, sirens were a mystery and an hour ago Techno didn't even believe they existed. If he just let this one go then no one would believe him or Phil, well his crew might.

"Not sure yet, we're keeping it for a while though."

Bad nodded, turning as he prepared two plates for the captain and his first mate. A few pieces of dried meat, a slice of bread with butter, a serving of hashbrowns, and a muffin. Techno wasn't sure how or why but Bad always had muffins ready, he's pretty sure the man just pulls them out of thin air at this point because he knows they don't have the materials to make them.

"Do you know what kind of fish it is?"

"Some kind of shark, not sure exactly what but it's nasty. Nearly took my leg off."

He could see Bad cringe, he didn't blame the guy. The man then turned and handed the captain his plates, giving another warm smile.

"Well be sure to be more careful, we can't have a limbless captain now can we?"

"I'm not going to let a fish take me down that easily, ye of little faith."

Bad chuckled before shooing him out of the kitchen, claiming he needed to finish cooking the stew before the crew swarmed him for food. Techno left at Bad's insistence, not wanting to bother then man too much. Plus he didn't want to leave Phil alone with the siren for too long, not that he didn't think Phil couldn't handle himself; which he could. It was just the general worry he has for every member of his crew, nothing more.

Making his way back below deck he was greeted with an odd sight. Phil was kneeling by the edge of the tank, which he'd yell at the blonde later about, but what was weirder was the calm siren right next to him. Did Phil kill it?

Looking closer he could see their gills fluttering in the water, plus their chest was expanding before deflating so the siren was still alive. Phil was talking quietly, hand threading through their hair; it was extremely domestic. Techno felt a bit bad about breaking the calm atmosphere Phil had made but he didn't want to remain standing on the stairs, watching them awkwardly.

So he made his way over to Phil, keeping an eye on the siren beside the blonde. The creature's eyes were closed, eyebrows a bit furrowed, but otherwise the picture of calm. Huh, he didn't know they could look anything but angry.

"-nd that's when I knew I was screwed. See if I was smart I would have never even thought about stealing from a duke, but I was young, naive, and starving so I think I was justified. Oh, hey Tech. Keep quiet, they haven't been asleep long."

"Are you telling stories to a siren who most likely has no idea what we're saying half the time?"

"Well they're asleep now, but yes I was."

Techno sighed, taking a seat next to the blonde and passing over a plate. Phil took it easily, having to remove his hand from the siren's head to eat.

"So how'd you get wet?"

Phil's hair was dripping water, his pants soaked, and his hat has seen better days. The blonde huffed, an annoyed smirk on his lips.

"Well this little shit decided to spit water at me and then wouldn't stop picking at their stitches, so I got into the tank." Techno was about to say something before Phil cut him off. "Yeah, I see how that was a dumb move. I ended up spooking them, they tried to pull themselves out of the tank. It didn't work, ended up like this before I came over to check on them. Pretty sure they hit their wound and that's what stopped them, plus they didn't try to escape once I got close."

"So you what? You talked them to sleep?"

"Yeah basically."

The pinkette sighed, Phil's self-preservation skills seemed nonexistent yet somehow he was still kicking. The next few minutes were spent filled with quiet conversations, most of their meal eaten. It was when Techno glanced over at the siren that he paused, seeing mixed match eyes staring up at him.

Ranboo wasn't sure when he fell asleep, or for how long, but it didn't feel like long enough. There were noises above him, two voices chattering muffled words. Weird, usually they were up before their brothers. Tommy always slept in late, refusing to get up unless for food. Tubbo was easier to rouse but still, neither were awake before him.

That was the first sign something was wrong, the second was the throbbing pain in their side. Hazy memories flashed behind their eyelids, right the orca. Third, whatever they were laying on was hard and dry, and Ranboo felt way too heavy. Something was definitely wrong here.

Opening his eyes felt like a struggle, it felt as if they had to pry each lid open like they were sealed shut. Though once open he kind of wished to close them again. It was bright, not horribly so but enough to be a nuisance. There were also two large things in front of them, gaze traveling up they were met with pink and green.

He froze. They were close, way too close to Ranboo. How did they get that close? Why were they that close? How could he sneak away without drawing attention to himself?

Ranboo was ready to slowly sink back into the pool of water but soon pink's eyes found his, freezing the siren in their spot. Crap. He could attempt to flee, get back under the safety of the water. Or they could lunge and latch onto pink or green, affectively buying a few minutes but also aggravating the two.

Now green was looking at him, pausing the insistent chattering from earlier. Could Ranboo's life get any worse? Probably, he shouldn't tempt fate. Well, they weren't dead yet, even though pink and green had the perfect opportunity to end him. So why didn't they?

Green was saying something again, pink glancing at green occasionally before focusing back on the siren. If he could get back into the water they'd be okay, or well at least better than being halfway out of it.

Ranboo's gaze tracked the two, flicking between pink and green as they chattered at each other. He tested the waters a bit, slinking downward while the two were distracted. Their movement brought green and pink's gaze back on him, and again they froze. This would take a while if pink and green looked over at any move he made.

After a few, more unsuccessful attempts Ranboo decided to say 'screw it' and proceeded to

slide back into the water, regardless of the eyes on them. Once submerged he took a deep breath, okay ow don't do that again. Looking over they could still see the string attached to him, only having had the chance to snap one of the smaller ones by the beginning of the injury. Now knowing if he touched the string green would come after him, they elected to not touch it until green was gone.

Pink and green were still watching them, not like Ranboo could hide anywhere in here. The enclosure wasn't big, just barely wide enough for the siren to turn around without bumping the walls. It wasn't deep either, Ranboo could fully submerge if he was laying on their stomach but if they were sitting straight then their head and shoulders peek out of the pool.

There was barely enough room to stretch and Ranboo could already feel his tail starting to cramp, the muscles straining to be put to use. Swimming around here wouldn't help, they'd have to be constantly swimming in circles to even ease the strain. But moving too much hurt right now, so it made swimming a tad difficult.

Might as well face the music now instead of waiting for pink or green to enter the water again, even though he'd rather stay under the water. So he peeked their eyes above the small waves, watching pink and green right back. They could play the staring game too.

Green started chattering again, smiling the whole time. Meanwhile pink was silent and staring holes into Ranboo's own eyes. Pink replied to green before green gasped and the chattering got faster. Only one word stuck out to Ranboo, 'food'.

He felt their stomach clench at the mention of food, they haven't eaten since yesterday; assuming this was still the same day as when he was first captured. Their pod was supposed to go hunting after exploring that ship, Tommy insisting they stop there first so no one else got to it. He was really regretting agreeing to that little adventure.

Ranboo watched as green reached back to grab something, placing the foreign object by the edge of the pool. The siren glanced at it before looking back to green and pink, was that supposed to do something? What was green trying to accomplish here?

"-xxxx xx xxx x x xxx food xxx x xx x xxx x-"

Green pointed to the object when they said the word food, but that wasn't food. For one it wasn't moving, so it was already dead which meant it would taste horrible and probably make him sick. Yeah, no they weren't eating that.

Pink said something that got a glare from green, then pink was huffing and muttering to themselves. Green sighed before repeating the process with another object, calling it food once more.

Ranboo was suspicious, why was green trying to get them to eat? Was it poisonous? Would it kill them if he ate it? His stomach clenched again, reminding them that he was indeed hungry and that it didn't care what he ate as long as they feed it something. Fine, if they were dead anyway he might as well eat whatever this thing green was offering.

So with that Ranboo drifted closer, green quieting while both pink and green watched him. Now Ranboo wasn't stupid, he knew the second they reached for the object he could be easily grabbed by pink and green. So they needed to distract the two in order to snatch the food, and what was one proven distraction? Water.

He pulled the same trick as he had with green, sucking in water before spraying it at the two. Green sputtered while pink attempted to block the stream of water, failing just like green did earlier. The siren snatched the object before retreating back a bit, looking over the item in his hands.

It wasn't big, tough, reddish in color, and had an interesting scent to it. Whatever it was it wasn't fish, or at least no fish Ranboo has ever seen or eaten. He sniffed at it a few times before licking the thing, a strange flavor hitting their tongue and making them recoil. That definitely wasn't fish, and it had strange flavors surrounding it, but it wasn't necessarily bad just strange.

The siren licked it once more before attempting to bite it, the thing was tough and Ranboo had to really bite down on it before a piece broke off. It was chewy, like octopus or squid but still dry and didn't flood his mouth like other things they've eaten. Humans have weird dry food.

Once the mystery food was gone he licked his fingers, the flavor having stuck to their skin. Glancing back he could see green placing another object in the same spot, repeating 'food' while pointing to it. It didn't look like the thing he'd just eaten, was this thing food as well?

They sunk back down into the water, eyes watching the two as he drifted closer once more. The siren sucked more water in before spraying it at pink and green once again, snatching the item, and backing away. Green laughed this time while pink just looked annoyed, they could get a little wet. Pink and green were too dry anyway, if anything Ranboo was helping them out here and they should be grateful.

The siren examined this object just like the last, turning it around to see all angles of it. This object was cream-colored, dry but kind of fluffy, soft to the touch, and it smelled a bit sweet. He didn't sniff this one as much as the one before it, instead taking a bite of it without licking it first. Whatever this thing was it was flaky, and gave no resistance when Ranboo bit into it. He liked this one, it wasn't as flavorful as the red fish, the siren had decided to call the first food that, but it was still tasty.

The flavor didn't stick to his fingers this time, that was disappointing they wanted more of the fluffy thing. The siren looked back to green, since green was the one providing the food while pink just watched. He drifted closer while green placed a third object down, hand retreating quickly after green dropped it.

During the last two attempts neither pink nor green attempted to grab them, would they try this time? He wasn't sure, but better to be safe than sorry right?

They sucked in water once again, this time pink and green looked almost ready for it. He'd need to find new distracting methods soon if pink and green could predict their moves. This

time when they went to spray the water he only aimed at pink, seeing as pink was the bigger threat. Plus green was giving them tasty things which makes green much better than pink.

Pink sputtered again before yelling out, pink didn't sound angry more annoyed if anything. Either way, Ranboo took the item, not bothering to back away this time. Neither were reaching for them, and if they did then he could easily back up again.

The new item had a similar color to the fluffy thing, but it smelt completely different. Ranboo didn't bother inspecting it much and instead just shoved it into their mouth like the rest of the items. This one was salty, a bit bland though, definitely not a preferred food item.

When they glanced back to green and pink there was no new object on the edge, was that it? No way that was all they were going to give him, he'd starve. Ranboo watched pink and green, waiting for the next item but one never came. That wasn't going to cut it. If pink and green were keeping them here then he needed more food than those scraps.

Pink and green were chattering again, still watching him but not offering any more food. Ranboo grumbled before smacking his hand on the wood, earning both pink and green's attention quickly. Neither seemed to understand what they wanted, just give him the food. They can see more behind pink and green, just give them some of that.

His stomach wasn't full yet, demanding more and by Poseidon he was getting more.

"Give me more."

They warbled, smacking the wood again. Pink and green's eyes widened in shock but then changed to looks of confusion. He really didn't want to speak human with pink and green, they barely understood it anyway and if he said something in human pink and green would think they could speak it and chatter even more. But he was hungry, their stomach demanding to be fed.

Ranboo growled, baring his teeth and smacking the wood once more. Pink looked ready to jump him but their focus was on green, the one giving the food.

"Food."

He didn't like human, it felt wrong on their tongue. They'd say it for food though, just give him more food and they'll leave pink and green alone.

Techno wasn't sure why he brought up the issue of what to feed the siren to Phil, probably because out of the two of them the blonde had more knowledge on the mysterious creatures. But now he had to listen to Phil go off about all of that knowledge.

"So judging by their teeth I'd say they probably eat meat, making them carnivorous. But!

They could also be omnivores, who lean closer to the carnivorous side. Sirens most likely eat other fish, maybe some muscles or crustaceans as well. I'm sure we can find some food they would like."

They both noticed the siren perk up at the mention of food, their ears, fins? thingies raising slightly. So the siren knew that word or at least knows it means something. Could they understand English then? It seemed unlikely since this is the first time they ever gave a response that wasn't growling or glaring.

Phil was ecstatic, going on about different foods and such. He only got a reaction at the mention of food again, no other word seemed to click in the siren's head. Techno should probably start thinking that this siren may just be a bit more sentient than he first thought.

Phil grabbed a piece of the leftover muffin from his own breakfast, placing it on the edge of the tank. The siren glanced at it before going back to staring at them.

"It's okay, it's food. It's pretty good, Bad makes a mean muffin."

Phil was gesturing to the crumbling pastry, trying to entice the siren closer but it was one stubborn fish. The siren didn't approach, instead, they continued watching Phil and himself.

"What, actual food is too good for you but you'll happily chomp on my leg?"

Techno muttered, ignoring the glare Phil sent his way. His monotone humor was once again pushed aside, was it too much to ask for a pity laugh at least?

The blonde sighed before taking back the muffin piece, placing it back on the plate, and taking a piece of meat instead.

"Maybe this one will work? It's a bit chewy but it tastes good. It's food, and you're probably hungry right?"

Phil was still talking when the siren drifted closer, the pinkette watching them closely. Once the blonde noticed he quieted as well, not wanting to accidentally scare them away. The siren watched them right back until they were maybe two feet away from them and one from the meat piece.

Next thing he knew he was getting pelted in the face with water, arms raising to naturally defend himself. Phil was also drenched when he glanced over at his partner, but the blonde didn't seem as shocked as he did. Instead, the blonde was watching the siren again, eyes practically sparkling while his attention was focused solely on them.

Techno looked over as well, watching the siren inspect the piece of meat, licking it only to recoil. Guess that one was out or not. The siren bit into the meat, tearing off a piece before devouring the rest. The two pirates got to see those sharp teeth rip into the meat and tear it, yeah they would need to be careful around those.

Once it was gone they licked their fingers, glancing back at him and Phil. Phil had retrieved

another food item, a piece of bread, placing it in the same spot.

"You seemed to like that one, what about this? It's food and it's good, Niki made it herself."

The siren watched them for a second before sinking back into the water, drifting close once more. This time Techno could see what they were planning, and sure enough, another spurt of water hits him in the face. Phil was cackling at his side, he must have found this absolutely hilarious.

"Do they have to do that?"

"I mean it is pretty funny."

Techno sighed, glancing back over at the siren as they ate the bread. Again they licked their fingers afterward but this time they looked disappointed. They then started approaching before Phil even finished placing the next piece of food down, some hashbrowns.

Both Techno and Phil were ready for the water this time, tensing ever so slightly, but it didn't come. Well for Phil it didn't, Techno still got a face full of saltwater.

"Oh come on! Why only me!?"

"Well, you are scary looking. Plus I'm the one with the food."

"Still!"

Phil shushed him after that, nudging him to look over at the siren. They were still close, not backing up like before. The hashbrowns seemed to pass their inspection since it soon disappeared into their mouth. The hashbrowns didn't get much of a reaction unlike the bread and meat, Techno took offense at that; potatoes were good.

The siren looked back at them, glancing at the edge before their gaze focused on the pirates once more.

"I wonder what else they can eat, maybe we should ask Bad to spare an extra helping of dinner for them?"

"I don't think sirens eat stew, Phil."

"Well they don't eat bread either but this one did, they even ate hashbrowns. And I know they have no pigs underwater."

"Yeah but stew? Really-"

Techno was cut off when a loud, wet slap was heard. Both pirates' heads turn towards the sound. The siren had slapped the wood to gain their attention, looking disgruntled as they looked at Phil and himself. The siren made a noise, a warble at them. It was different than the growls or hisses from earlier, this one seemed to hold meaning.

The siren smacked the wood again as if enunciating their point. Both himself and Phil were shocked, to say the least, were they trying to communicate? If so this was going to be difficult, neither of them would be able to understand each other like this.

A growl started up, the siren baring their teeth at the pirates. Shit, was it going to attack them now? Just for not understanding them? The siren's focus was on Phil mostly, though he knew they were also watching the pinkette. He got ready to lunge at the siren in case they did try something. The siren smacked the wood again, a bit harder this time before saying something; this time something the pirates could understand.

"Food."

That was English. Poorly pronounced English, but still English! The siren could communicate, not well but it was a start. Phil's smile was almost blinding, eagerly reaching back and grabbing another piece of meat. The blonde didn't even get a chance to put it down before it was snatched from his hand.

The siren ate it quickly, did they even chew any of that? They looked back to Phil expectantly, silently demanding more. The blonde obliged, handing over piece after piece until the plate was clean. The siren, seeing that there was no more food, lowered themselves back into the water before moving to the corner; once again licking their fingers.

"Did you see that! Please tell me you saw that Tech! They were taking food from my hand! My hand Techno! This is such a huge step!"

Techno sighed as Phil basically shook him, hands on his shoulders to maneuver the pinkette around. The blonde was way too excited over just feeding a siren. Sure it was good the siren didn't decide that he or Phil were on the menu but was it really so great that they took food from Phil's hand?

"Tech, think about it! We now know more than years of stories from other pirates! Imagine how much more we could learn from them?! What if they know more words? Imagine having a full conversation with a siren!"

"Phil, what if they're like a parrot? Just repeating words they overheard and not knowing what they mean. And no you said the word food at least five times, they could have easily repeated it back at you."

The blonde frowned, leaning back a bit. Techno knew he won the argument. He hated disappointing Phil but the man was getting his hopes too high and he'd be crushed when they fell.

"But what if, on the slightest of chances, they can actually communicate with us? We can't assume anything yet, so maybe I'm right and you are the one in the wrong here."

He was about to reply when another voice started up.

"Hey, Bad said you guys were down here and I- Uh, whatcha got there?"

All three heads turned to the new voice, there standing at the foot of the stairs was none other than the strategist; Wilbur Soot. The brunette's eyes traveled from Phil to himself and then finally to the siren. Said siren hissed at the man, ear fin things pinning back and pupils narrowing. Techno hadn't noticed earlier but the siren's pupils were more round during the whole feeding thing, could they change sizes like a cat's?

"Uh well, you see... Tech help me out here."

"Oh no, you're the expert here. You get to explain."

Wilbur looked between the two before approaching, freezing at the next sound that almost echoed. The siren was growling, teeth bared once again. Techno really didn't want to have to wrestle with them again, but at least now he knew how to pin them.

Wilbur, the idiot, continued to approach even with the snarling siren still causing a racket. He got maybe a few feet away from the tank before a shit ton of splashing started up.

"Shit not again-"

Phil quickly jumped up, moving to the side of the tank. The siren was halfway out by then, a distressed cry overlapping the growls as they tried to pull themselves up. Was this what Phil was talking about earlier, how he got too close and the siren attempted to flee? The blonde was distressed as well, hands hovering around the siren but not touching them just yet.

Wilbur was stock still now, watching the scene play out in shock. He must not have gotten a good look at the siren when he first came in, seeing as they were mostly submerged then, but now their whole torso and half of their tail is exposed.

Techno stood up as well, going towards Phil after shooting a look at Wilbur; one that screamed 'stay put or else'. Once close enough he could see the siren better, expecting anger to show on their face, but instead there was only fear and desperation. They clearly saw Wilbur as a threat, maybe even more than him and Phil now.

"Tech don't just stand there! They're going to rip their stitches open!"

Shit, Phil was right, the siren's side was rubbing against the wood. Blood was already starting to fall out of the small openings, the black scales reflecting the red staining them.

Was his next move the smartest decision he's ever made? No. Could he have done something else? Probably, but he had seconds to react so he did the first thing he could think of.

"If you bite me I'm going to bite you right back."

He muttered before grabbing them from under the arms, the siren starting to thrash in his grasp. He had to tighten his hold so they wouldn't slip out of it, not wanting to accidentally drop them. Thankfully this time they were so much closer to the tank, Techno only having to

turn a bit before being about to enter the water with the upset siren.

The siren was making a strange mix of growls and cries, still struggling in his hold.

"Calm down man, you'll hate it more if we gotta restitch you up."

They obviously didn't understand him, not even pausing as he spoke. When he did release them they dived into the water, darting around for a second before trying to get back out on the other side.

Seriously?!

They couldn't pull themselves out fully, Techno pushing through the water to get to them. The siren paid him little mind, too focused on escaping it seems. This time though when he went to lift the siren by their arms once again, they turned and latched onto his arm.

He had to muffle his shout of pain, he was right those teeth hurt like a bitch. The siren was still growling, Techno could feel the vibrations from their throat. Their pupils were almost nonexistent, thin slivers surrounded by green and red respectfully.

The siren had a good hold on him, having wrapped their hands around his wrist and forearm. Techno wasn't sure how he was getting the siren to let go anytime soon, last time they let go because of pain, and he didn't want to intentionally hurt them. He's not heartless. Plus Phil would skin him alive if he hurt the siren at all.

A quick movement to the side caught his eye, seeing a blur of yellow that he could recognize as Wilbur approaching quickly. Once he came fully in view the pinkette could see the reflective blade in his hand, the brunette climbing into the tank as well.

This was going to end badly.



Chapter End Notes

Little list of what fish each siren is::

Ranboo- Black and White Ocellaris Clownfish

Tommy- Lionfish

Tubbo- Black-banded Leporinus

Kristin- Blackcap Basslet

He Needs Some Milk

Chapter Summary

Prepare to cry

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Wounds/Injuries

Blades/Swords/Daggers

Mention of Stitches

Blood

Violence

Mention/Implied Amputation

Major Character Injury

Mentions of Death/Murder

Cursing

Drowning/Suffocation

((Brief Summary in end notes))

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Things ended up going pretty well after Ranboo spoke human, getting the rest of the food green and pink had. It was a mix of the first three items that green gave them, but there was another item that Ranboo found pretty delicious; it was similar to the fluffy thing but a bit sweeter.

Neither green nor pink tried grabbing him as he took the food from green, the two just chattered at each other; green tried to talk with them as well but the siren didn't answer. Once the food was gone though the teen saw no reason to stick around, moving to the opposite end of the enclosure.

Pink and green were talking nonsense again, green getting excited for some reason. The siren ignored them, not like he could understand what they were saying other than a few words that gave zero context whatsoever. They still didn't trust pink or green, not like he would seeing as

they shoved a spike in his side with string, but they were also his only means of survival right now.

It was when they were lost in their thoughts that another voice started up, obviously not green or pink's. This voice was more melodic, Ranboo would even say almost siren-like. All three heads turned to look at the newcomer, the man pausing as he looked between them. Ranboo deemed to give him the name yellow.

The siren was surely outnumbered now, they had enough trouble with pink and green but now adding yellow? Yeah, he was screwed if all three of them teamed up against him.

Yellow was staring at them, confusion evident on his face. Ranboo hissed at yellow, giving fair warning to stay away. The warnings may have been ignored by green and pink but yellow was new, and would hopefully listen to his threats.

Pink and green started chattering at yellow, green looked a bit nervous. Was yellow a threat to green and pink as well? That didn't bode well for Ranboo, if yellow scared green and pink; and Ranboo couldn't fight off pink, then yellow was a bigger threat than pink and green.

Yellow was soon approaching, the teen could feel the growls bubble out of his throat. They bared their teeth, one last bluff to hopefully keep yellow back. He ignored green and pink for the time being, neither were moving yet so they weren't as big of a threat as yellow currently was.

Yellow only paused for a second before ignoring their warnings, just like green and pink. Yellow was still getting closer, and he didn't look like he was going to stop anytime soon. And then yellow was too close, green and pink were doing nothing about this; not that he expected the two to help him at all but it would have been nice if they did.

Yellow was too close, and Ranboo couldn't remain in the enclosure if yellow was just going to get closer. So they chose to escape, pulling themselves out of the enclosure. This didn't work well the first time, and he doubted it would work this time as well, but they were getting desperate. For all, they knew yellow would enter the water and come after him, so the most logical solution was to get away from yellow.

Another burst of pain shot up their side, making them cry out once more. He couldn't stop yet, he needed to escape even if they knew they'd be caught in a matter of seconds. Sure enough green was rushing over, hands hovering around him; not touching them just yet.

Ranboo got about halfway out of the water when pink came over as well, now the siren knew he was screwed. Pink could easily take them down, having already done so earlier today. And

just like predicted pink got a hold of them, Ranboo still fought against pink but he knew there was no point.

Pink deposited them into the water once more, the siren darting around looking for an escape. Of course, there were no holes, which meant the only escape was out of the water. So Ranboo attempted to pull himself out again, they couldn't let yellow get close as well. Pink and green were already too close and he was barely putting up with that, but add in yellow? No, that was way too much.

Ranboo's focus was on survival, his only goal to escape and hide. If they could hide somewhere where green, pink, and yellow couldn't reach him then everything would be okay. Obviously, this didn't happen, instead, a hand touched them and the siren reacted.

His jaw clamped down on something, the taste of iron filling their mouth and making him want to gag. It took a second but they recognized that he was currently holding onto pink, specifically pink's arm. They felt the tiniest bit bad about this but his mind was still screaming to survive, so he didn't let go.

The siren's throat was constantly vibrating, the growling having yet to stop. His hands wrapped around pink's arm, keeping it still and under their control. Out of the corner of his eye, he could see a blur of yellow steadily approaching.

Yellow looked angry, a metal blade in his hand. That wasn't good. If Ranboo wanted to defend themselves they would need to release pink, but in doing so that left them open to attack from pink. Neither option would end well for Ranboo, so they would need to make a choice.

The siren knew pink could take him down, it wouldn't even be much of a fight. But yellow was a mystery, anything could happen with yellow. And currently yellow had a blade and looked ready to put it to good use.

The siren took the chance, releasing their hold on pink's arm and pushing off of him. Pink staggered behind him but Ranboo's focus was on yellow as he entered the water, into the siren's element. Ranboo dove, swimming straight for yellow. He knew he was faster in the water compared to yellow, making it far easier to dodge the clumsy swings yellow threw at them.

Ranboo grabbed yellow's ankle, pulling him down under the waves. Yellow was trying to resurface but the teen couldn't let that happen, if yellow made it back out of the water then Ranboo was at a disadvantage.

They swam around yellow, smacking him with their tail anytime yellow managed to break past the waves for air.

At some point Ranboo ended up pinning yellow against the bottom of the enclosure, getting tired of yellow's erratic blade swinging and getting nicked by said blade. They snarled at yellow, making sure to show yellow that they were the bigger threat here. He wouldn't drown yellow, that would be a sure-fire way to get himself killed by green and pink.

Ranboo didn't even get a chance to release yellow, instead, they were pulled back. Arms were wrapped around their own, the teen soon being pulled partially out of the water. He thrashed, this position was too vulnerable; it left their stomach open to attack. The siren was being held against someone, he would guess pink judging by the blood dripping into the water next to them. They didn't get a chance to think much about it because soon yellow was surfacing, taking half a second to breathe before lunging at them.

Ranboo flung their tail up, their side being pulled and sending a wave of burning pain throughout his body. It didn't matter when compared to the amount of pain that sprung up from his tail seconds later.

The siren screamed.

The siren's eyes flicked from him to Wilbur before they released him, pushing off of the pinkette and towards Wilbur. Techno stumbled back, having to find his footing and not fall on his ass. His arm stung, blood welling up and dripping into the water.

He wouldn't die from this wound, he wouldn't even need to replace the limb, it would just hurt like a bitch for a while. When Techno was no longer at risk of falling he took in the scene in front of him. The siren had Wilbur pinned underwater, the brunette thrashing to escape their hold.

It was then that Techno was reminded of all those stories of sirens being one of the most deadly creatures of the sea, he could now see why. The captain didn't think, he simply reacted; yanking the creature back. He kept his arms around the siren's, effectively keeping them stuck against Techno's chest.

Wilbur came bursting up from the water, gasping and coughing. He felt relief that Wilbur seemed relatively unharmed, but it was then replaced with shock when the brunette lunged for the siren in his hold. The brunette was aiming to shove his dagger into the creature's unguarded stomach, going for the kill.

He didn't get a chance to strike though, instead, the siren's black and white striped tail flung up; taking the brunt of the attack. It all happened so quickly, one second the two were fighting, and then the next there was a piercing scream.

Techno had to drop the siren just to cover his ears, Phil and Wilbur having to do the same. The noise was piercing, almost like a knife stabbing into his ears and reaching his brain. How was the siren able to make such a sound? Everyone on the ship must have heard it as well, there was no way they hadn't.

The scream didn't last long, only a few seconds, before it was replaced with splashing and whines. Techno peeked open an eye, he wasn't even sure when he closed them and took in the sight. The water was slowly turning red, trails of blood floating all around him.

Phil had pulled Wilbur out of the tank, the blonde was saying something to him but Techno only heard muffled noises. Looking back to the water he was able to spot the siren. They were flinging themselves around, slamming into the tank's walls desperately. It was then he saw where the blood was escaping from; the siren.

They were moving around too much for him to see any specific injury, but this was a lot more blood than what they saw from the side wound. Techno really didn't want to have to give the thing stitches again, he also didn't want to wrangle it again; now seeing why so many pirates were warned about sirens.

But he couldn't let them bleed out either, he didn't want to have to dispose of a body; let alone a siren body. So he tried to herd them to one side, somewhere he could corner them and get a good hold of them. It wasn't that hard, they barely tried to get around him; still flinging themselves into the walls or floor of the tank.

It took a few tries but soon he had a hold of the siren, not the most secure but it was something. They were still attempting to break his hold, the once constant growls now pitiable whines. He'd need to drag them out of the water to actually get a good look at the wound, which wouldn't go very well.

Techno had to man-handle a squirming, hundred pounds plus siren onto the deck; while drenched in saltwater. Not the greatest experience, for himself and the siren. He could see Wilbur gesturing angrily as he yelled at Phil, the blonde yelling back with his own gestures. He didn't focus too much on that, instead focusing on the siren wiggling in his grip.

Once up and out of the water Techno was able to release the siren, laying them on their stomach, they immediately whined and tried to crawl away. The pinkette would admit later that he was a little too rough with them, but at the time he was pretty upset with the siren for

almost drowning one of his crew. So he grabbed onto their tail, holding it still as he searched for a wound.

The siren cried out at his touch, distressed chirps and warbles almost sounding as if they were echoing around his brain. He ignored them though, running a hand over the black scales that could be hiding an injury. Soon enough he found it, having to pull his hand back when the siren cried out; his hand stained red.

He glanced down at where the supposed wound was, freezing for a second. Now he's only seen the siren up close a few times, not enough to memorize every tiny thing about them, but he'd pretty sure their fin did not look like that when his crew first dragged them in. The siren's fin was in literal ribbons, blood seeping out of the tiny limb as it twitched and jerked. Yeah, it shouldn't look like that.

The siren was crying now, what Techno thought was just extra water dripping off of them was actually tears running down their cheeks. They weren't trying to crawl away anymore, instead, they had their head pressed against the wood while their claws scratched lines in the floor. It was obvious they were in pain, probably a lot of pain actually.

The pinkette was pretty sure fish had a ton of nerves in their fins, at least he thinks that was something Niki told him during one of the nights he couldn't sleep; the two sharing random facts they knew with the other until the sun rose. Techno wasn't sure how to treat this injury, at least with the side wound it was on the human half and that was something both Phil and himself had experience with. Fish on the other hand were a mystery, he's never had to treat an injury on a fish.

He prodded around the injury gently, trying to see how badly the siren was hurt. His hand brushed against the fin and they cried out again, eyes shut tightly as they grit their teeth. The siren was making quiet noises, the pinkette had to really focus to even hear the words falling out of their mouth.

"-o, no, no, no, no, stop, no, no, stop, n-"

They were just repeating the same words, only chirps or warbles breaking the English. His attention was drawn from the siren to Phil as the man approached, looking concerned.

"Shit, are they okay?"

"Define okay."

The blonde hissed once he caught sight of the siren's fin, gentle fingers ghosting over the damaged limb. The fin was sluggishly bleeding, the wound getting a chance to clot while no longer in the water. The siren was whimpering, warbles echoing around the room.

Techno glanced over and spotted the strategist watching the interaction, he didn't look too happy but he didn't look as angry as earlier. The captain didn't blame Wilbur, the man was simply trying to defend him from this mystery creature who attacked him.

"Don't suppose you know how to treat fish injuries?"

"I didn't think I would need that knowledge honestly."

"Phil, you're no help."

The pinkette was trying to keep the mood light, or at least lighter than it was. Phil was reacting well to his attempts, the siren didn't understand him so none of his humor would help them.

"Do we stitch it? Leave it? Amputate?"

"I don't think we should amputate it just yet, it may heal. And leaving it is out of the question, if we do nothing it will just reopen and possibly cause more damage. Would stitching it even work? I mean it's a fin, can you stitch up fin wounds?"

Techno grumbled to himself, they were at a standstill. Phil's hand brushed against the fin accidentally, the siren crying out before muffling their cries. The blonde rushed so he would be kneeling up by their head, concern lacing his voice.

"No, no, don't do that! You're just hurting yourself!"

Techno looked over and saw what his partner was talking about. The siren had their jaw latched onto their own arm, drawing blood that ran down their chin. The pinkette knew what they were doing, giving themselves a different pain to focus on, honestly not a bad idea but seeing as they had literal razors for teeth he can see why Phil would be worried.

"Phil, get me the bandages. We need to at least stop the bleeding."

The blonde glanced over at him when he spoke, looking conflicted for a second before rushing off to grab the requested item. The pinkette looked back to the siren, it was then he really took in the creature. They looked young, no older than twenty. Techno found that a bit odd, never really thinking there would be young sirens; did this mean there was such a thing as baby sirens? Also, why was this siren so much smaller than the one Phil claims to have seen? Are there different types or something?

His thoughts paused when Phil returned, a roll of bandages in hand. He handed them over before moving back to the siren's head, trying to convince them to stop biting their arm. Techno would have stated that it was pointless since they wouldn't understand him at all, but it was a distraction that the siren would need soon.

Techno moved his one hand to the middle of their tail, making sure he had enough pressure applied so they wouldn't fling him off. He then prepared to hold down an upset siren while also trying to wrap their fin, this was going to be fun.

Ranboo didn't know what happened exactly. One second he's being held against pink's chest while yellow charged at him with a blade, and then the second they were in blinding pain. Everything hurt, it felt like their literal tail was burning. They attempted to swim away, skidding against the ground and smearing blood against the floor.

It was like their own body wasn't listening to them; they try and swim right and end up left, they'd try to dive and end up surfacing. He was slamming into the walls, banging his shoulders and head against the hard surfaces as he attempted to avoid them. Everything was going wrong.

Their instincts were flaring, screaming that he needed to escape or they'd die. But he couldn't, just swimming away from pink and yellow had them in tears; it just hurt too much. The pain was nauseating, and there was nothing Ranboo could do to stop it; not when the need to flee was so much higher than self-preservation.

Pink was approaching them, and no matter what the teen did they couldn't swim away. They were soon grabbed by pink, being pulled up and out of the water. He struggled as much as he could, whines and warbles escaping them as each movement just added onto the pain.

Pink moved them onto the wood, placing them down somewhat gently. Ranboo attempted to crawl away, having the need to hide himself so pink couldn't touch the wound. He didn't get far, pink having a grip on their tail. Pink's hand was touching different spots across their tail, pressing down at random times. The teen didn't get a chance to question why because soon pink's hand made contact and black spots danced across their vision.

They cried out again, begging for pink to stop but their pleas were ignored by pink. He shut his eyes tightly, pressing their head against the wood; attempting to use the pressure as a distraction. They scratched at the wood beneath them, looking for something to grip and squeeze, just something to make everything stop.

Pink kept touching around their tail, getting too close to the source of the pain. Another shock of agony shot through them making them cry out again. Why was pink adding to his pain? Was it because they threatened yellow? Did pink finally decide it was time to kill Ranboo?

The siren wasn't sure when their mouth started moving but they do know he called out for his pod, begging for their help. He knows he said some human words as well, the sounds scratching at the back of their throat. Ranboo figured he was probably begging pink to stop, they would feel embarrassed about this fact later; if they survived that is.

He wasn't sure when green arrived, only acknowledging his existence when his voice blended with pink's. They were given a break from the excruciating pain, pink to focused on his conversation with green to touch whatever injury yellow gave them.

Of course, this didn't last long, because when was Ranboo ever that lucky? Just when they felt like they could actually breathe another searing shot of pain ran up their spine. Did the pain get worse? Or was that small break enough to bring the pain back ten times stronger?

Either way, it had the siren reeling, black spotting his vision as they cried out again. In a split-second decision, they bit down on their arm, hard. The pain was almost a relief compared to the first. Green soon appeared, kneeling in front of them while chattering. Ranboo just wanted green to be quiet, his voice grating against the teen's skull.

Pink said something before green ran off, Ranboo wanted to thank pink for that, but then again he also wanted to scream at pink. They were a mix of emotions right now, most were based around hurt and pain. The silence didn't last long; being taken up by Ranboo's harsh breathing and the dripping water, before green returned.

And then green was in front of him again, chattering once more. The siren gave a weak growl, expressing their annoyance with green though green didn't seem to understand. Ranboo could feel pink pressing down on their tail, harder than before. That wasn't a good sign, pink was about to do something. Something Ranboo would most definitely not like.

The siren was correct in their thinking, they did not in fact like this. He wasn't too fond of pink holding his tail down, but they absolutely hated pink grabbing their fin. Ranboo had thought it hurt before, well he was wrong. Now the pain was so intense they were sure they must have screamed again, feeling their own ears ringing while his throat felt raw. He's pretty sure they thrashed around as well, struggling to escape whatever was hurting him.

Pink didn't let go though, if anything his grip just got stronger. His fin was throbbing as pink wrapped something around it, confining it. Was pink trying to limit them? Stop them from swimming? Were they trying to take his fin? Their mother told him and his brothers stories of humans hunting sirens for their tails, was that what was happening? Were pink and green going to take his tail?

That thought just amplified his fear, ice-cold terror falling over them. Pink and green couldn't take their tail, he needed that; it was fairly important. They started begging again, pleading for the two to just release him already.

"No, no, no, stop, stop, no, stop, no, no-"

Green was shushing him, how dare he try and act like everything is okay when Ranboo is about to die. Pink was muttering behind them, now practically sitting on their tail as they wrapped something around his fin. The siren was full out sobbing now, it hadn't hit them just how much danger he truly was in. Before it was scary and Ranboo knew he wasn't safe, but now they had no doubt that they would be dying today. Green and pink were murdering him, and they weren't being merciful.

They couldn't die yet. There was so much he hasn't done yet. They weren't even half of mother's size, he hasn't met the rest of the main pod yet, they haven't gotten to travel on land with Kristin and his brothers yet. Why was this how he died? Why not by some shark, or a prank gone wrong?

The pressure on their tail lessened, the throbbing of their fin was still present though. So it wasn't taken, that was a relief. A hand ran through their hair, fingers and dull claws scratching his scalp gently. Glancing up they spotted green, a quiet chatter escaping his lips.

Ranboo's vision was blurry and he felt nauseous, but green was trying to communicate with them. Green looked upset, but not the angry upset more like the sad upset. That was confusing.

"-xxxx hurt xxxx xx x xxx x help xx xx xxxx xx-"

Ranboo looked to green in confusion, they weren't a hundred percent sure what green was trying to say but he knew green wouldn't shut up unless they answered him. So he'd just repeat the only word he could use to explain everything they were feeling.

"Hurt."

Techno was prepared for the siren to start squirming the second he touched the fin. He pressed down on the black and white scales, ignoring the things making indents on his palm.

The siren screamed again, the high-pitched noise piercing his brain. He had to push through it if he wanted to get their fin wrapped, no need to put them through more pain if they just leave it. The pinkette managed to get a decent hold of the fin, quickly wrapped the once white bandages around the limb.

Techno had to lean on their tail to stop their movement, basically sitting on top of it as his hands moved quickly to wrap the fin. His hands and the fin were slick with blood, making his grip slip a few times. The siren started talking again, voice rough and scratchy as they begged for him to stop.

"No, no, no, stop, stop, no, stop, no, no-"

He wished he could, but if he stopped now then all this pain would have been for nothing. Techno knows he begged and pleaded with the doctors that took his leg, and he's so thankful they didn't listen to him. If they didn't take the leg when they did then he would have surely died, and what good was a leg when you're dead?

Phil was trying to comfort the siren, shushing them quietly while also trying to keep their focus on him.

"I know, I know. I swear it'll be over soon. I know it hurts, you're probably terrified right now and I wish you understood me so I could tell you that'll you'll be okay."

Techno ignored the blonde's words, focusing solely on his task. The quicker he finished the better, he didn't want the siren to suffer. He may be upset over the whole almost drowning situation but that didn't mean he wanted this to be the consequence.

"Might as well paint the floor red at this point, and these clothes will never be useable again. I didn't sign up for this, I just wanted to hit the next port, maybe pick up a few things before heading back out to sea. But no, the ocean drops a siren on my ship and I have to care for it."

The pinkette was mumbling to himself, airing out any grievances he had to no one in particular.

Soon enough the fin was securely wrapped, the bandages only slightly stained red. By this point, his hands and the siren's tail were redder than the bandages covering the wound. He sat back, sighing softly before moving off the siren's tail. It was obvious they were exhausted, be it from the pain or just how much they struggled Techno wasn't sure. Hell, he was exhausted, Phil probably was too.

The blonde was running a hand through the siren's hair, looking so concerned over them. Techno knew that look, that was the 'I want to adopt this one' look that Phil gets when he's found someone to attach to.

"I'm sorry, I know that must have hurt but we are trying to help you. I swear we don't mean to cause any more harm."

Techno wasn't sure why Phil kept talking with them, it was obvious they didn't understand a word out of his mouth. Yet Phil has always been empathic, talking to the crows that sit at the docks whenever they arrive at port. The pinkette didn't expect the siren to know any other word except 'food' at this point, but again he was proven wrong.

"Hurt."

Phil looked shocked for a second before his lips formed a sad smile, repeating the word back at the siren with a single nod. Techno may still be right about his parrot mimicry theory but Phil only said that word three times yet the siren was able to mimic it already? He may have to admit Phil was right in the end.

The blonde continued to whisper reassurances to the siren as they lay on the wooden floor, basically limp. Their gills were fluttering quickly though, moving in sync with their heavy breathing. They'd need to figure out how to get waterproof bandages if this was going to become a trend, which he was really hoping it wouldn't.

"Are they okay?"

Techno glanced up at Wilbur's voice, almost having forgotten that brunette was still here. He looked nervous and a bit guilty, his hair still damp as it stuck to his forehead; some locks already dry and curling up around his face.

"For now yeah."

Wilbur nodded, taking a seat next to Techno. The brunette was watching his surrogate father interact with a sleepy siren, he bit his lip before turning to look at Techno.

"Are you okay?"

Techno frowned, at first confused on why he was even asking. He remembered when Wilbur pointed at his arm, seeing the drying flecks of blood. The wound didn't look that bad, hurt like a bitch, but it wasn't too deep. The siren wasn't aiming to break his arm thankfully, he didn't doubt they could have easily taken his arm.

He's seen cornered animals, he knows they'll attack if they think it's their only option. That's what the siren was, a cornered animal that finally snapped. He knew they didn't make the best impression on the siren, he couldn't blame them for reacting as they did, he knows if he was in their position he would have acted similarly.

He didn't blame Wilbur either, the man was reacting to the threat. Techno was hurt and as a member of his crew Wilbur would try and defend him, any crew member would have acted the same. The brunette and siren were both fighting to survive, and he couldn't place blame on either of them. If anything he blamed himself more, he was the captain, he should have had better control of the situation.

"Yeah, I'll be fine."



Chapter End Notes

The one time I gave my readers a choice, between angst and fluff, and they chose angst.
This is their fault.
So you can't yell at me.

((Also fixed the discord link, it should work now))

Summary::

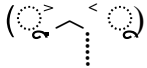
Wilbur attacks Ranboo, Ranboo almost drowns Wilbur (Not planning to kill him)
Techno pulls Ranboo off of Wilbur, Wilbur attacks again but hits Ranboo's tail. Techno
drags the siren out to see how badly they are hurt, turns out their fin is horribly injured.
Techno wraps it while trying to hold down a struggling siren, it's not a fun time for
anyone. Ranboo thinks Techno is killing him or trying to take his tail. Techno eventually

bandages the fin, not knowing what else to do about it right now since he's never had to fix a wound on a fish. Phil tries to calm Ranboo down, trying to reassure them even if the siren doesn't understand him. Ranboo says the word 'hurt', repeating it to Phil to in some way express how much they are hurting. Wilbur talks with Techno, asking if he and the siren are okay. Techno thinks it isn't the siren or Wilbur's fault any of this happened, that it was a big accident. If anything he blames himself for not having better control of the situation.

English lessons with a pirate

Chapter Summary

Hey!
Sorry, this took so long to come out,
I wasn't sure how I wanted this chapter to go.
But I figured it out!
Hopefully, the next update won't be too far away.



Chapter Notes

TW's::

Blood

Mentions of Violence

Injuries/Wounds

Mentions of Death/Murder

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Green's chattering was becoming a normal sound to the siren, that and the whole head petting thing; he'd never admit that it was actually kind of nice. They were tired, his whole body feeling like lead. Their right side burned, the skin feeling way too warm for his liking. And his left fin was in agony, the constant throbbing was one of the only things they could focus on.

Ranboo didn't see who else got close but he could definitely tell there was a second presence behind them, not including pink. They'd guess it would be yellow since he was the only other person in the room; that or someone new.

The siren let out a low growl, green's hand pausing on their head but not pulling back just yet. He could hear someone's breath hitch before pink's voice said something, probably something directed at them. There was a slight nudge against their tail, his lower fin smacking at whatever touched him.

Pink started chattering again, Yellow's voice joining not long after. Green's hand tangled itself in their hair once more, dull claws scratching lighting against his scalp. Out of the three Ranboo liked green the best, even though green had stabbed him with the metal spike they

also gave him food. So even though they disliked these humans, he'd rather interact with green than pink or yellow.

He was starting to drift off, exhaustion finally taking a hold of them. It wouldn't be long until they were plunged into the inky darkness of sleep. The human's voices became almost like a lullaby to the siren, sending him quickly under.

Ranboo wasn't sure how long he slept, it could have been hours or just a few minutes, but either way, they were being jostled awake. He gave a weak growl, eyes squinting as they tried to make out what had woke them. To his left they could just barely make out pink, the man had a bucket and a piece of cloth. Pink would dip the cloth before twisting it, the water being forced out, and then pink was putting the cloth on their tail.

The siren wanted to move away, but their limbs felt almost impossible to move and his head was now throbbing in time with their fin. Pink glanced up at them, raising an eyebrow before focusing back on whatever he was doing. Green and yellow were nowhere in sight, the two were most likely not in the room anymore. Ranboo was getting tired of these humans, none of them listened when they growled or hissed. And now pink was messing around with their tail, rubbing at his scales, the feeling was uncomfortable but not painful.

Ranboo hissed at pink when he got a little too close to their fin, pink didn't touch his fin though, instead he just rubbed around it. When pink went to dip the cloth back into the bucket Ranboo noticed the once cream cloth was stained red, the water dripping from it was pale pink. That wasn't reassuring.

This process continued for a few more minutes, pink would glance up whenever Ranboo hissed at him or whenever he was getting close to their fin. The siren merely watched him back the whole time, the fins on the side of their head were pinned back but fluttering occasionally. Once pink deemed whatever he was doing complete he moved closer, starting to repeat his actions on their side.

Pink was within biting range, they didn't attack just yet though. Pink wasn't actively hurting them, and Ranboo had no idea what pink was doing. The cloth ran over their side, the cool feeling made them shiver slightly. The air was always colder than underwater, and whatever water was in that bucket felt ice-cold to the siren.

Other than the occasional hiss or growl nothing really happened. Pink finished whatever he was doing, dropping the cloth into the bucket before running a hand through his hair, pulling some strands from the neat braid that rested over his shoulder. Pink glanced back down at them, watching them just like Ranboo had been earlier.

They didn't know what to make of pink, he wasn't like green or yellow; not that the teen's gotten to spend a lot of time near yellow. While green was weird and gentle, pink was weird and flipped between gentle and rough. Honestly pink was a mystery to Ranboo, they didn't know if the man would attack them or merely stare at them.

The siren didn't even want to think about yellow, he strongly disliked yellow. If he had to rank the three humans it would probably be; green, pink, every other human, and then yellow.

He was pulled from their thoughts by pink standing up, grabbing the bucket before moving it off to the side. Now, what was pink planning? Ranboo watched the human move around, muttering to himself before pink glanced back at them. It didn't take pink long to start walking back to the teen, slowing down once he got somewhat close.

Pink crouched in front of them, they glared up at him, daring pink to try to attack them and lose a limb. It seemed pink was dumber than Ranboo first thought, he lifted his hand before moving it slowly over the siren's head; the limb soon entering his blind spot. He didn't like that, not being able to see pink's hand meant it could strike at any moment and catch the other off guard.

Ranboo's thoughts stuttered when the hand landed on top of their head, hair falling slightly over his face. Pink didn't move his hand, he just left it resting there while his focus was on the siren's face. He raised an eyebrow at them, almost questioning what Ranboo would do next. The siren wasn't sure what to do honestly, technically pink wasn't attacking him and this was becoming a habit with green; why did the humans like touching their head?

Pink buried his hand under the twin-toned locks, dull claws running over their scalp lightly. The two kept eye contact the whole time, one curious while the other was hostile. Ranboo wasn't going to just let their guard down because pink wasn't actively harming him, that could change in an instant and the teen needed to be ready to strike when it did.

Nothing happened, pink continued the weird petting thing while Ranboo watched him closely. Pink did maneuver himself into a sitting position instead of the awkward crouch he had been doing earlier. The human's eyes flicked down to the teen's arm, hand pausing before removing itself from their head. Pink's next actions confused the siren greatly; he got up, walked back to the bucket, pulled out the slightly stained cloth before walking back to sit in front of Ranboo once more.

Neither of them moved for a minute, the two just staring at each other once again. Pink raised the cloth, eyes never leaving the siren, his free hand pointing to their arm. Ranboo took a risk and glanced down to see what pink was pointing to, turns out he was gesturing to their injured arm. The teen wasn't sure what pink was implying, did he want to rub the cloth on their arm like he did their tail and side?

"xxx x xx x xx x xxx help xx xxxx."

Help? Why would pink need help? The teen glanced over pink, looking for any obvious wounds but finding none. So pink wasn't injured, so then why did he want help? The human gestured to their arm again, repeating the word.

"Help."

Ranboo was confused, he's pretty sure his face gave away his emotions since pink sighed before motioning to his own arm. The human ran the cloth over his arm before pointing back to Ranboo's, repeating the word for the third time. Was Ranboo's first guess correct? Did pink really want to rub the cloth over their arm? The teen had no idea why he'd want that, and they weren't too sure this wasn't some elaborate trick to somehow cause more pain. But the siren

was curious. Pink was trying to communicate something to them, and the man didn't seem willing to give up until he was understood.

"You want my arm, how will that *help*?"

The siren knew he wouldn't be understood fully, but it was kind of funny to see pink's eyes widen when they spoke. Pink did nod before gesturing to their arm again, this time his hand was palm up like he was asking Ranboo to place their arm there. Was Ranboo's next move stupid? Oh absolutely. But what other choice did he have? If they refused pink could just easily grab his arm and do as he pleased, and the siren entertained green and got rewarded for it in the end. Maybe this was another thing like that?

Ranboo slowly moved their arm, letting it hover over pink's open hand for a second. He glared up at the human, a low growl rumbling out of their throat before he rested the limb in pink's hand. If pink tried anything funny Ranboo would definitely be adding a second bite mark to the human's arm, regardless of the amount of pain coursing through him.

Pink didn't grip the limb tightly, instead just had his fingers wrapped around the siren's wrist loosely. He held up the cloth again, repeating the word 'help'. Ranboo was still confused about what pink was doing or even what he wanted. They watched the human closely as he brought the cloth closer, the cold feeling of the damp cloth had him flinching slightly. Pink froze at their movement, eyes focused back on the siren's face.

After Ranboo didn't move again pink continued his weird cloth rubbing thing, gently running it up and down their arm. The cloth was once again stained red, the dried blood that stuck to their skin was soon being removed by the repeated motions. Pink would glance up at them occasionally, most likely to ensure that Ranboo wouldn't randomly attack him. The process was shorter than with his tail and side, and by the end of it the siren figured out what the whole point of the cloth rubbing was for. Pink was removing the dried blood, the teen never really had to deal with that before, whenever they were injured blood rarely stuck to them.

Pink released their arm, the teen pulling it closer to himself while still watching the other closely. Pink didn't get up to return the cloth this time, instead, he just placed it on the floor next to him. The human looked over them curiously, starting to chatter at him once again. A few words stuck out, nothing super interesting or helpful to the siren, but maybe he could entertain pink again by simply answering him? It's not like they can escape or anything, might as well. Who knows, maybe it'll give him a few more minutes of life.

"-xxx xx understand x xxx understand xxxxx x xx xxx xx xxxxx xx xx xxxxx x xx-"

"I dislike you very much pink, you remind me of a sea urchin."

Pink perked up when Ranboo responded, chattering at them again. You could just barely call this interaction a conversation, while the siren had no idea what pink was saying they answered with random replies.

"-xxx x xxx x x trouble xxxxx x x xxxxxxxx xxx x xxxxx-"

"I think if I had to choose I'd say shark, it would be embarrassing to die by an octopus."

"xxx xx xxx xx xxx xxxx siren xx xxx xxxx xxx xxx. "

"Why thank you pink, my scales are quite nice."

"-xx xx x xxx x xx xxx x boox xxxx x xx xxxx xxx xx-"

The siren paused, eyebrow raising as the fins on the side of his head perked up. Did pink just say his name? How would pink know that? Surely it was a mistake, that or Ranboo misheard the human. Pink paused as well, he took a second to look at the siren before chattering again but this time slower.

"-xx xx x xxx x xx xxx x boox xxxx x xx xxxx xxx xx-"

Ranboo wasn't mistaken then, pink did actually say his name. Should they be worried about that? Probably but what were the chances that pink knew his name? They must be extremely low. Should he respond to that? Pink made a second sound after their name, maybe he should correct the human?

"You said it wrong, it's *Boo* not whatever you said."

Pink looked shocked, eyebrows raised with his mouth slightly open. It wasn't that amazing, Ranboo just said his name in human even guppies could do that, it was one of the first lessons on human. Pink repeated it back to them, the siren nodded before saying their name again. Maybe if they kept talking pink would be satisfied and leave.

Wilbur and him talked for a while, having to nudge the siren's tail once when they started growling again. Phil soon joined in on their conversation, hand still tangled in the black and white locks of slowly drying hair.

"So how did you guys even get it? Pretty sure this is something I should have been informed about."

"They got tangled in one of the fishing nets, we brought them down here thinking they were some big fish. Turns out they're a siren, albeit a small one, but still a siren. They were injured pretty badly, something took a bite of them before we got to them. Techno's leg became a chew toy-"

"Little menace decided it liked the taste of wood."

"As I was saying, we managed to stitch them up. Before you came down I had them eating right out of my hand-"

"Are you crazy!? What if it bit you!?"

Phil sighed before giving Wilbur a pointed glare, the brunette shrank away. Techno kind of agreed with him, after seeing what the siren could really do when threatened he felt they should be a lot more careful around it. The only reason he was okay with Phil being so close was that the siren seemed exhausted, plus Phil was the one to give them food so hopefully, that counted for something.

"I'm not crazy mate, I was careful and Techno was right there the whole time. Oh! They also spoke, like actual English! It was only one word but it was amazing! And a few minutes ago they said another word! And oh..."

The pinkette glanced up, the blonde was looking at the siren with a tilted head and a look of confusion on his face. Techno was about to question what was wrong but before he could Phil's look of confusion shifted into a fond smile.

"What is it?"

Seems Wilbur was also curious about what had caused the quick shift of emotions from his father, the blonde glanced up before holding a finger to his lips and then gesturing for them to come closer. The pinkette stood with Wilbur at his heels, the two making their way over silently. Once they were close enough Phil grabbed Techno's wrist, gently pulling him so he would sit down next to him.

"Look! They're asleep!" The blonde whispered, excitement in his tone. Phil was beaming, and the pinkette had no idea why.

"And why is this so exciting?"

"Because this means they are relaxed."

"Or just exhausted."

"Can't you just let me have this?"

Techno held up his hands in mock surrender, the blonde glaring at him with no real heat behind it. He knew Phil liked the siren, most likely he wanted to befriend them. He didn't think that would work out very well, especially if his parrot theory was proven correct. Anyway, they couldn't keep a siren on the ship permanently, where would they possibly keep them? The tank that just barely fit them? And if what Phil says is true then the siren could end up growing close to twenty feet long, and then they definitely wouldn't fit on the ship.

The three continued their previous conversations before Wilbur mentioned the scream from earlier, questioning if it came from the siren. Techno confirmed this, asking if the rest of the crew also heard it. They had. So he sent Wilbur up there to diffuse the situation, only telling him to make up an excuse and not say a word about the siren.

After a few hours, Phil got up, stretching his back with a loud pop. The blonde walked over to Techno, plopping down next to the pinkette.

"So, what are we going to do now?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, the siren's even worse off than before; a lot worse actually."

Phil wasn't wrong, the siren was now sporting three different injuries, one he wasn't sure would heal fully. But what could they do? Again keeping them wasn't really an option. Phil would no doubt want them to stay until they were healthy at the very least, and by then he'd just find an excuse to keep them longer.

"I have a friend. They live in a town nearby, maybe a day's travel. She might know what to do."

Techno raised an eyebrow, he was pretty sure he knew who the blonde was talking about. Well, he didn't actually know them but he's heard enough from Phil to get a decent idea of her. Phil had met someone else who had experience with sirens, the two bonding quickly over the creatures. They would send letters to each other whenever they docked, sometimes Phil would run off to meet up with him as well.

"You're siren friend right?"

"Yeah, I think we should stop in L'manberg and see him."

"Do you think it's a good idea to tell her? I mean what happens if they contact someone and we get hunted down all across the sea?"

"Eret's not like that. They know a lot about sirens, she's actually the reason I know so much about them. I think we should at least talk to them, ask some vague questions, and see what she says."

Techno wasn't too keen on this plan, for one it put off their travels by at least two days, and secondly, he only knew what Phil told him about Eret. For all he knew they could be some murderer or even be working under the crown, he'd prefer for Eret to be a murderer instead of working for a government.

"Fine, we'll stop there first. How are you even going to convince her to take you seriously?"

"I have my ways."

Phil left shortly after that, claiming he was going to start steering the ship towards L'manberg and inform the crew. Techno refused to leave the siren alone, not fully trusting them. Either they'd end up hurting themselves again or the extremely slim possibility of them escaping. So the pinkette busied himself with mindless chores; testing the joints of his leg, buffing out the claw marks on the floor, bandaging his arm, and other meaningless tasks.

It had to have been hours later, the sun was starting to set and they were nearly at L'manberg's port when Techno decided it would be best to at least get the dried blood off the siren. If he left it then there was the chance of infection, plus dried blood was itchy and uncomfortable. He gathered the correct materials, a bucket, water, and a cloth rag.

The siren had remained asleep the entire time, and Techno didn't think they'd be waking up any time soon. He crouched on the siren's left side, looking over his shoddy work of wrapping the bandages around their fin. The once white cloth was now stained a rusty red, no longer bleeding thankfully, yet the tiny limb still twitched and jerked occasionally.

There was a good amount of dried blood surrounding the fin, no longer reflecting off of the shiny black scales. It was easier to see the blood on their white scales, the stripes looking duller with the dark red staining them. Techno dipped the rag into the bucket, ringing it out before slowly placing a hand on the large tail. He didn't need them waking up just to smack him with the thing, Techno's pretty sure the siren's tail would be able to send him flying if they truly wanted him to.

The pinkette started at the farthest stain, wanting to slowly work closer to the damaged fin. He got almost halfway there when the siren moved, he glanced up quickly to see if he should move away. Red and Green eyes stared at him, pupils dilated but no longer slits like earlier, that was a good sign. They just watched him for a second, making no move to attack him, they weren't even growling. He looked back down to his hands, still keeping the siren in his peripherals just in case.

Techno continued what he was doing, slowly rubbing away the flakes of red. The siren didn't really do anything other than watch him, only when he got closer to the fin did the creature make any noise. They hissed at him, an obvious warning, he paused for a second before moving away from the limb. The siren didn't hiss again until he got close to the wound, Techno wasn't going to mess with the fin anymore than he had to.

Soon enough their tail was once again shiny, the water making the scales shimmer a plethora of colors. The black had tints of purples and blues, while the white had tints of pale pinks and pale purples. The small rays of sunlight that came through the stairs were bouncing off the scales, the colors shifting as the siren did. Huh, guess this was what others meant when they spoke of the beauty of siren scales.

He pulled himself from his thoughts, sight soon focusing on the creature's side. It wasn't as crusted over as their tail had been but the blood was most likely pulling at their stitches uncomfortably. Techno made sure to move slowly, glowing eyes following his every movement until he was close enough to reach their side. This also meant the siren was able to reach him, the pinkette wasn't too thrilled about that little fact.

Techno repeated the process, running the damp rag over their skin and scales. It was interesting, around their waist the scales thinned out, their right side stayed the same black as their tail yet the left side had the same milky white scales as the stripes on their tail. And their back, it was covered in scales, barely any skin showing. Thankfully the wound was located on the skin part of their side, he wasn't sure how they would have stitched it up if it was surrounded by scales.

Again the only reactions he'd get from the siren were either hisses or growls when he got a bit too close to the actual injury. Techno would glance over and meet the siren's stare, it wasn't outright hostile but it was obvious they were on guard. Seems he wasn't the only one who thought the other would attack, the siren was probably just as concerned as he was at another possible injury.

The bite wound took a lot less time to clean up than their tail did, most likely because Techno could actually see the dried blood rather than just guessing where the stains hid in their scales. Once finished he dropped the rag back into the bucket, the water was an extremely pale pink color with small flecks floating around it; he'd dump it later.

Techno stood up, the siren's head snapping up to watch him, their pupils thinning even more. The pinkette made sure he moved slowly, making himself as non-threatening as he could. He picked up the bucket, walking away from the creature to place it down out of smacking range; he didn't want to get splashed with the dirty water or hit upside the head with a wooden bucket.

He was muttering to himself, somehow talking himself into doing something extremely stupid. He turned before heading back to the siren, this time stopping in front of them. Again their eyes were locked onto Techno, watching him like a hawk. The pinkette crouched, getting somewhat closer to being the siren's current height. If Phil could do this and not lose a finger then he should be able to as well.

He moved his arm, letting it slowly move until it was hovering over the siren's head. The creature's eyes were darting back and forth between himself and his hand, but they made no move to attack him. Techno placed his hand on the siren's head, waiting a second before running them through the dual-colored locks. Their hair was mostly dry by now, tangles and knots much easier to spot now that they were plastered together by water.

Nothing was happening, the two were just staring at each other, completely silent. Techno wasn't sure what to make of this. Was the siren really aggressive or were they defending themselves against perceived threats? He wasn't over the whole almost drowning incident, and neither was Wilbur, but at least the brunette didn't want to gut the creature anymore.

He had been gently detangling some of the knots in the siren's hair when they paused, glancing down they noticed the siren's arm. He had forgotten they did that, a circle of puncture wounds was placed on their arm. He should probably clean that one off as well, it wasn't bleeding anymore and didn't look bad enough for stitches thankfully, but he wouldn't know for sure until after he wiped away the flakes of rusty brown.

He pushed off the floor to stand, having sat down when it seemed the siren wasn't going to randomly go for his jugular. He went back to the bucket, reaching in and grabbing the rag. Techno twisted it, letting the water fall from the cloth and back into the bucket. The pinkette soon returned to the siren, sitting in his original spot. He waited a moment to see what the siren would do, and when nothing happened he raised the rag.

He didn't reach for their arm, that was way too close to their teeth and Techno has been bit enough today. Instead, he decided to test Phil's theory, see if the siren could truly understand him or not. The pinkette pointed to their arm, the creature's eyes looking down to see what he was pointing to.

"If you let me, I can help fix that."

The siren glanced up at him before their gaze looked over him, a look of confusion on their face as they glanced back at him. Okay so they at least knew he was speaking to them, but it

didn't seem they understood.

"Help." Techno repeated, motioning to the siren's arm.

Again the siren just stared at him, okay what about showing what he wanted? Would that work? The pinkette lifted his own arm, running the rag over the skin repeating 'help' again. The creature looked from him to their arm before back at him, he hadn't expected what happened next though. The siren warbled and thrilled at him but they did repeat the word 'help' at him, which didn't exactly prove his theory wrong or right just yet. He said that word at least three times so they could be mimicking him, or they actually knew the word.

Technoblade nodded, hoping the universal sign of approval was still a valid form of communication in the ocean. He held out his hand, palm up. The captain was hoping the siren knew what he was asking for, and that he would get to keep all five of his fingers today. They glanced at his hand before lifting their arm slowly.

A low growl started as the siren glared up at him, but they did lower their arm so it was resting on Techno's open palm, so progress. The pinkette made sure to reiterate that he was just attempting to help them, not make things worse. He gently held onto their wrist, ever so slowly lowering the rag to their arm; far enough from the actual teeth marks that he was sure he wouldn't accidentally hurt the other. He froze when the siren flinched, eyes snapping up to the siren. He was ready for them to lunge, to attack him, and yet nothing else happened. The siren remained stationary, merely watching him once again.

Slowly he moved the cloth, running it across their arm gently. The captain would glance up at the siren occasionally, there was still no sign they were going to attack him. It didn't take long, maybe a few minutes at most, for him to finish clearing away the dried blood. Like he had first thought, the wound wasn't that deep and would not require stitches. Techno released their arm, the siren pulling it back to themselves quickly. That went well.

The pinkette placed the cloth to the side, not wanting to get up once again, he'd just return it later. For now, though he was curious if he could get the siren to speak, actually say some English words without it merely being a repeat of whatever he or Phil said.

"Phil thinks you can understand us, or at least somewhat understand us. I on the other hand think you're just repeating whatever we say back at us like a bird. So which one is it? If I say a word enough times will you repeat it?"

Shockingly the siren chirped and warbled back at him, nothing English but at least they were trying to communicate with him. He'd try again, and if that didn't work he could just say random words until the siren repeated at least one of them.

"You know, you're more trouble than you're worth. If it weren't for Phil and his bleeding heart I would have tossed you back the first chance I got."

Again another thrill, lower and higher tones shifting together. It was definitely a pleasing noise, was that how pirates got entranced by sirens? By these interesting noises? It seemed unlikely but he has yet to see what else can bring so many fearsome pirates to their deaths by these creatures, and the tales of their voices being the reason also seemed unlikely. This siren

hasn't entranced any of his crew or himself, well other than Phil but that was completely different.

"You're pretty small for a siren, Phil said he saw one nearly twenty feet long."

The siren replied once again, another thrill accompanied by a chirp. They could make various noises, some higher-pitched that made him wince slightly while others were low and practically vibrated the air. It was somewhat entertaining to speak with them, even if neither understood the other, it was a good time waster at least.

"You scratched up my leg, you're lucky you didn't end up biting my boot, they were a gift from Phil."

The siren didn't reply this time, instead their ear-fin things perked up, fluttering around as they tilted their head at him. Oh, that's a new reaction. So either he said something they understood or he was reading way too into this. He'd repeat his last sentence anyway, wasn't like it would hurt or anything.

"You're lucky you didn't end up biting my boot, they were a gift from Phil."

This time the siren replied, a warble and chitter. But what was different this time versus the other replies the captain got from the creature was the fact that there was an English word in there. 'Boo'. Now what was shocking was Techno didn't say that word, the closest sounding word he used would be boot. But the siren specifically said 'boo' not 'boot'. Maybe it was just a fluke? A noise that sounded like 'boo'.

"Boo?" He'd repeat it, see if this was truly was just a fluke or the siren just said a random word. Turns out that no it wasn't a random word, the siren nodded before repeating the word again. Okay so he may have been wrong with his parrot theory, he'd need to test it more just in case. "Boot?"

The siren frowned, baring their teeth before once again saying 'boo'. Okay so they clearly knew the word, and they could tell the difference between 'boo' and 'boot'. What about other words that have a similar sound?

"Boom."

"Boo."

"Booze."

"Boo."

"Boo-"

The siren hissed at him, seems like they were finished with this game. They glared at him, almost daring him to try another word other than 'boo'. Techno wasn't dumb enough to antagonize a creature that could kill him.

"Okay, boo. Got it, only boo."

The siren thrilled, no longer outright hostile. Now, what did 'boo' mean to them? It wasn't exactly a word you'd think a siren would know, especially if they only reacted to very few words. Techno couldn't just ask the siren what it meant, he'd get some noises that he didn't understand. Phil probably wouldn't know either, maybe his siren friend would? Doubtful but that would be nice if she did know what it meant, maybe all sirens knew the word 'boo'?



Chapter End Notes

We get to meet at least one new character next chapter! I wonder who it could be?!

Sorry but no art for this chapter, I may come back and add it in later but as of right now there is no art to be added.

(◦´˘◦)

I kidnapped a kid and have them trapped in my basement, wanna see?

Chapter Summary

So so sorry this took so long!!

This fic just takes longer to write since it's a minimum of 5k words instead of the 2k I usually do.

Plus art

But hopefully, I can figure out a schedule for updating fics so that each one gets at least one new chapter a month.

Anyway, enjoy the chapter!!

This time we get some new perspectives~

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Blood

Wounds/Injuries

Cursing

Death/Murder

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Phil was many things; a pirate, first mate to the Captain Blade, the Angel of Death, an abysmal cook, and a siren enthusiast. The last one was something he titled himself, not one given to him by another. His thirst for knowledge of the creatures stemmed from a horrible event that happened years ago.

He had been a member of the ship's crew, under some navy guard who constantly had a bottle in his hand. It was a normal day, they were on patrol for smugglers and pirates; the usual. When suddenly their ship was hit, almost as if a whale rammed them. But there were no whales in these parts, or at least there shouldn't have been.

This happened a few more times, each time the ship rocked more; threatening to capsize. Some other crewmates ended up falling overboard, disappearing under the waves. The captain, drunk off his ass, attempted to escape his quickly sinking ship. He should have gone down with his boat like any decent captain worth his salt, but the coward tucked tail and ran the second he could.

By the time Phil was able to make it to their lifeboats, he discovered there were none left, the rest of the crew left with them; leaving behind the easily replaceable members. He shouldn't have been surprised, this crew was nothing like what a true crew should be like. No one liked each other, no one helped another unless they got something out of it; they were all selfish individuals. The blonde would need a different plan if he wanted to survive, thankfully he was a decent swimmer.

His skills were put to the test, being thrown from the vessel after a rather nasty slam into the side of the ship. The waves threatened to take him under, almost succeeded to if Phil had been a weaker swimmer. He had managed to hang onto a broken plank of wood, keeping his head above water. He got front row seats to watch the destruction of the ship he had just been on, gaze locked on the dark figure beneath the waves as it slammed into the ship.

Only once the ship was halfway submerged did the creature reveal itself. Hands, yes giant clawed hands, emerged from the sea. Claws sunk into the wood like it was putty, chunks splitting off and falling to the depths below. The next thing to emerge was a head, long dark hair clung to tan skin that was peppered with violet and indigo scales. In place of where a normal person's ears would be were two fin-like appendages, pinned back and also hidden by the damp hair.

Phil was frozen, hands clutching his plank like a lifeline. This creature was huge, like at least ten feet maybe even closer to twenty. It was able to take down the ship like it was an annoyance rather than a threat, and now they were tearing it apart. His eyes caught the scales speckled across its back, leading down to hips that disappeared under the waves. A large fin started on its lower back, following its spine until it to was obscured by the sea. The creature was growling, snarls leaving its mouth that was full of razor-sharp fangs.

Luminescent golden yellow eyes glared at the wooden vessel, pupils almost nonexistent, mere slits that were focused on the ship. She was beautiful. Phil's seen his fair share of women, even been with a few beauties himself, but all of them paled in comparison to this creature. Her scales reflected the moonlight, making the waves dance with color. Her hair clung to her back and shoulders, framing her face perfectly. This was no normal beauty, this was the type of beauty that was dangerous; deadly. Yet like many others, Phil was drawn to it, wanting to know more about this perfect creature that had tried to kill him and the rest of his crew.

She didn't stay much longer, only until the ship was ripped apart and mostly submerged. She sunk slowly below the waves, watching her destruction sink into the depths of the sea. And then she to sunk below the waves, disappearing from sight. The rough waves calmed down, no longer threatening to throw Phil from his plank. The blonde was still in shock, mouth open in shock as his hair clung to his face. No one would believe him, no one would take him seriously if he tried to explain what he saw. But he needed to tell people about her, how even though she was deadly she was the most beautiful being he's ever laid eyes on.; first he needed to get back to shore or his tale would sink with him just like the ship did.

Turns out he was the only one to make it to shore, perhaps the rest of his crew made it to a different port or ended up sleeping at the bottom of the sea like the ship. Either way, Phil

couldn't say he really cared what happened to that crew, in the end, he wasn't close to any of them.

For weeks he tried to tell people about what he saw, the beautiful sea creature who could tear boats apart with her bare hands. That was when he was told a name for such a being; siren. The tales the pirates sitting on the docks would tell were full of bloodshed and death, how a siren would lure men to their graves. Phil had to disagree, this siren didn't seem interested in the people aboard the ship but instead on the boat itself. The pirates also told tales of a siren's song, how even just a few notes could have a crew of fifty men entranced and eagerly falling into the sea, again Phil wasn't sure since he didn't hear a song from the creature he saw. One pirate claimed to see a siren, but it wasn't the same being Phil saw. Instead, the older male saw a beautiful blonde, eyes a piercing blue, a petite being with a bright red tail that resembled a fish.

When Phil mentioned seeing a siren who was much much bigger they just laughed at him, saying he must have swallowed too much saltwater after falling overboard. Eventually, he must have made a name for himself, attracting the attention of another person. They had curly brown hair, eyes a pale grey almost white color. She introduced herself as Eret, he seemed extremely interested in Phil's story.

The two ended up talking for hours, Eret never once laughed at him or what he saw instead she agreed. They spoke of seeing sirens as well, how they poured their life into finding out more about the mysterious creatures. Needless to say, Phil and her got along extremely well. He had asked them to join him on a quest to find a siren again but she declined, stating he couldn't go out to sea again due to fear of sinking. Phil understood, he knew of what Eret had told him about their siren spotting, and he didn't want to force her into anything. So he instead promised to write and visit whenever he could, that he would find a siren again and tell Eret all about it.

That was when he met Technoblade, together they created their crew, got a ship, and went sailing out onto the seven seas. Techno didn't believe Phil's siren story but he also didn't laugh at him or try to tell him he was crazy, the blonde appreciated it greatly. Years passed with no siren spottings, but Phil kept his promise and wrote to Eret whenever he could; he even visited whenever he was docked in L'manberg.

Now he could finally tell his friend about what he saw, even bring her to see themselves. Techno was wary, he couldn't blame the man, but Phil knew he could trust Eret. So here he was, panting on the doorstep of his longtime friend, having sprinted from the docks all the way to Eret's porch. Her home was a quaint little place, a single-story brick cottage-like building. After gaining his breath he knocked on the door, patiently waiting for the brunette to answer.

Shortly after knocking the door opened, revealing the tall brunette. At first, they looked confused but once she spotted Phil his eyes lit up as a beaming smile pulled at her lips.

"Phil! What a surprise! I wasn't expecting to see you for at least a few more months!"

Phil returned the bright smile, the taller of the two pulling the blonde into a hug. The pirate easily returned it, having to reach up a bit since his friend was much taller than him. The two

broke apart shortly afterward, Eret's hands resting on the blonde's shoulders as they looked over him.

"Your letter said you wouldn't be able to visit for at least a few more months."

"Something came up actually, I can't really explain it out here so can I come inside?"

The brunette nodded, opening the door wider so Phil could enter her home. Eret led him over to a simple loveseat, motioning for him to take a seat while they sat on a worn armchair. Once seated the blonde sorted his thoughts, he needed to explain this in a way that would get Eret to follow him back to the ship.

"So, you know how I said you would be the first person I came to if I ever found a siren again?" The brunette nodded at his words, head tilted with a concerned frown on their face. "Well, I or we actually found one."

"Wait hold on, you found a siren?"

"Yeah, and they're injured... badly. So I was kind of hoping you would come back with me to the ship and see if you know how to help since you know a lot more about sirens than I do."

"You're telling me you have a siren on your ship?"

One look at Eret's face was enough to tell Phil she wasn't sure if they should believe this or not, which fair Phil probably wouldn't believe his story either. But he needed to convince the other to come back to the boat, or at least give him some tips.

"Yes, that's exactly what I'm telling you. They're smaller than the sirens we saw, I'd say roughly seven feet from head to tail fin."

It didn't go unnoticed how Eret tensed up at this information, hand covering their mouth as she muttered to herself; a common thing he did when deep in thought. Phil still had one more trump card up his sleeve in case his friend still wasn't convinced, but just as he was about to reveal it the brunette beat him to it.

"Okay, I'll go see this siren on your ship."

The blonde couldn't hold back his bright grin, he was just so excited to show his longtime friend something that both of them were heavily interested in. So he stood up, rushing back to the door with Eret not far behind him. Phil did wait for his friend to grab whatever they needed, which happened to be a shoulder bag that was hanging by the door.

And then they were off.

The day had started off like any normal day; wake up, go to the market to pick up anything she might need, do a bit of dusting, thumb through a book or two. But after that they were interrupted by a knock on his door, an uncommon event really. Most people stayed away

from them, writing her off as either some witch or just the town fool. Eret didn't mind though, he couldn't honestly care less what the townsfolk thought of her.

Opening the door to see their friend Phil was definitely a shock, the pirate wasn't due for a visit for at least another few weeks; at least that's what his letter said. Eret's first thought was that something bad had happened but judging by Phil's bright smile that thought must be incorrect.

"Phil! What a surprise! I wasn't expecting to see you for at least a few more months!" So instead of dwelling on why Phil was on her porch, he instead pulled the man into a hug, the blonde squeezing them right back. After a couple of seconds, Eret released the other, looking over him for any clue on why he was here. "Your letter said you wouldn't be able to visit for at least a few more months."

"Something came up actually, I can't really explain it out here so can I come inside?"

Well, that didn't bode well, maybe things weren't as okay as he thought. Either way, Eret moved aside and welcomed their friend into the house, shutting the door behind him. She led the blonde to the living room, motioning for him to take a seat and explain.

"So, you know how I said you would be the first person I came to if I ever found a siren again?" The brunette nodded at his words, head tilted with a concerned frown on their face. "Well, I or we actually found one."

"Wait hold on, you found a siren?"

"Yeah, and they're injured... badly. So I was kind of hoping you would come back with me to the ship and see if you know how to help since you know a lot more about sirens than I do."

"You're telling me you have a siren on your ship?"

He couldn't be serious right? No way a literal siren would fit on any ship, a full-grown adult was at least twelve feet long. And why would any siren sit patiently on a ship? Eret was positive their friend hadn't imprisoned a siren, Phil just wasn't that kind of man. But he did say they were injured so perhaps that was why? But that still didn't explain why a siren would willingly go onto a pirate ship, that would be suicide.

"Yes, that's exactly what I'm telling you. They're smaller than the sirens we saw, I'd say roughly seven feet from head to tail fin."

Eret's blood ran cold, please let her be wrong. No way Phil managed to get his hands on a literal guppy, for his sake they prayed the siren his friend was talking about was not in fact a child and instead just some weird fish.

"Okay, I'll go see this siren on your ship."

She needed to confirm it herself, he needed to know what Phil had found. If the blonde truly has found an injured youngling then... well let's just hope that was not the case.

Eret moved along automatically, grabbing his bag before following after their friend. Her mind was buzzing with various thoughts, each one trying to explain what Phil had that wasn't an actual siren. Everything kept pointing back to that answer though. Phil has already seen a siren, he wouldn't be fooled by some big fish or whale, so if Phil says he has a siren aboard his ship Eret couldn't find a reason to doubt him.

The whole walk back to the docks was filled with Phil's excited chatter, talking about what he learned about the siren and the experiences they had so far. Eret tried to force a smile and seemed excited but her gut was so full of lead that he was sure they would be sick if their anxiety didn't calm down. Thankfully the harbor was within view and Eret was able to spot Phil's ship, having watched the blonde depart many times.

"Tech decided to stay down below with them, seeing as they are a bit aggressive so you have to be careful okay?"

The brunette nodded, swallowing down whatever bile was crawling up her throat. Of course, the siren would be aggressive, they were probably freaked out and terrified, especially if they truly were a child. Phil also said they were injured, so that just added to the fact that the siren wasn't aggressive but defensive instead.

Her friend led them up onto the vessel, motioning to below deck with a smile. Phil must have noticed his unease because his smile was a bit dimmer than earlier. Once down the stairs, Eret froze at the hissing noise coming from in front of them.

"Well, here they are! Uh try not to get too close though, they are very bitey"

The lead in their gut, well it became even heavier. She bit their cheek as they looked over the siren and the other male maybe twenty feet away. That was a siren alright, that was a whole ass toddler siren. Phil and his ship were screwed. Eret's hand covered her mouth before looking over to Phil with wide eyes, did the man not realize the mess he just created.

"Philza, that's not just a siren..." The blonde looked over to her with a confused expression, oh curse him and his obliviousness he's going to get himself killed. "That's a child, like a literal baby."

"They're pretty big for a baby."

Eret's gaze went back to Technoblade, maybe to them, he looked larger but to a siren? That child would be comparable to a human toddler, they looked way too young to be above water. Okay since these two have no idea what they are doing it looks like it's up to him.

The brunette steeled herself before walking forward, the siren's hisses growing louder and now growls accompanied them. Eret didn't falter, if anything she straightened up even more. Phil was trying to get them to stop but she ignored him, eyes focused on the siren ahead of him. Technoblade even stood, attempting to block the brunette but he faltered when they raised their hand.

Eret crouched right in front of the snarling siren, staring at the creature for a moment before a rumbling noise left her throat. The siren went silent, eyes wide while watching Eret back. She

smiled softly, trying to come off as nonthreatening as possible.

"Hello little one, where's your pod?"

Their fins perked, obviously excited to understand someone else. Eret had no doubt this child knew little to no English, why would they? By this age thoughts of going above water weren't common, they'd still have a good decade before their parent would bring them ashore.

"Can you tell me what happened? I'd like to get you back to your pod."

The surprised looks from the pirates went ignored by Eret, their focus was solely on the siren in front of him. The child described how they arrived here, from the orca attack to five minutes before Eret and Phil returned to the ship. It wasn't a pretty story, especially when told through the eyes of a terrified kid.

The brunette glanced back at the two pirates, both were watching her and the siren with confusion, though Phil's expression also showed his excitement. Guess he needed to relay what the kid was saying to these two and vice versa, this was going to be fun.

"He thinks you two want to kill them."

"What!? Why would they think that!?"

"Well I don't know Phil maybe because he barely understands English, was literally ripped from their home, was given stitches; which they didn't even know what those were, attacked, and finally trapped here. Please enlighten me on how one would not come to that conclusion."

Phil didn't have an answer to that one, eyes glancing away to look anywhere but at Eret or the siren. She knew the man had good intentions at heart but surely he could see why this kid reacted as such, he's actually surprised they didn't lash out more actually.

"Look, I know you were doing what you thought was best but to them," Eret gestured to the monochrome siren. "He doesn't know what's going on or why they are here, and no one could explain it to him."

Turning back to the kid Eret decided to explain as best she could to them what was going on.

"No one will be killing you, no one was planning to either. Those two were trying to help. The string in your side is supposed to keep the wound closed, helping it heal faster. Neither were trying to hurt you."

"How are you so sure? Pink and Green still hurt me, Yellow as well."

"I know you're wary young one but don't worry, I know Green and the last thing he would want to do is hurt you. Pink is too scared to do anything that Green would disapprove of, I'm not sure who Yellow is but if they are on this ship then they are under Green and Pink so they shouldn't hurt you either."

That was a cute way to refer to the pirates, helpful as well since their names wouldn't translate correctly. Speaking of names...

"What is your name little one? You can call me Eret."

"Ranboo..." They hesitated for a second, glancing past her to look at the two pirates who were conversing quietly behind them. *"Yellow did hurt me though, and it couldn't have been to help."*

That was concerning, when he asked them to show her where they got hurt his breath hitched. Their fin was wrapped in blood-stained cloth, noticeably shorter than the one resting against their tail on the opposite side. Eret's head snapped over to the pirates, the two's conversation halting immediately.

"What happened to them? What happened to their fin?"

The brunette's tone left no room for excuses, their glare cold as ice.

"Eret it was an accident, a lot was happening and-"

"No Phil, I don't care if you guys didn't mean to. This is really bad, like life or death bad. That fin is extremely important for sirens, they are the main ones used for steering. Having one injured or gone is a death sentence, you've literally condemned this kid to an extremely short life."

Sure she could have said it a lot nicer but that didn't change the truth, he needed them to see how badly they messed up. And judging by Phil's mortified face and Techno's wide eyes they got their point across. Her eyes went back to Ranboo, the child was watching the interaction curiously.

"Ranboo, who is your parent?"

"Kristin."

Shit. See back when Phil and Eret first met the blonde had described the siren he saw, and Eret knew immediately who he was talking about. Kristin was a friend of her's, the two would converse whenever she traveled ashore to grab things for her guppies. Ranboo was one of her guppies, and while sirens are known to be overprotective of their young Kristin takes that protective role very seriously. Her guppies are the world to her, no doubt that the second she realizes one is missing she'll tear the sea apart until she finds them.

Kristin had just been above water, literally less than a day ago, which means she must still be in the area. Eret would give the ship maybe a week at most before it was resting at the bottom of the ocean floor, with the crew still aboard.

"Okay, okay I can work with this."

The brunette ran a hand through their hair, biting the inside of her cheek as he thought. If he could talk to Kristin before she went on a rampage then maybe he could convince her to not sink their friend's ship. The only problem was finding the siren, she left town about a day ago

and would probably already be on her way to her nest. And no doubt her other two guppies would mention their missing sibling, and then Eret wouldn't be able to calm her at all.

Not mentioning the state of Ranboo's fin, she may not have seen the full damage but judging by the bloodstained bandages and size difference there was an obvious issue. If he wanted to see the full damage they would need to see the kid swim, and throwing them back into the sea wasn't an option. Glancing over Eret spotted the tank, it was a tad small but it could work.

"Okay Ranboo, I need you to do a favor for me okay?" She waited until the teen nodded, ear fins perked curiously. *"I'm worried about your fin so I need to see how badly it's hurt, which means I need you to swim around a bit. Can you do that for me?"*

The monochrome siren frowned slightly, glancing over at the tank before looking back to the brunette. It was obvious he was feeling unsure yet they still nodded, pushing themselves up onto their elbows. Now Eret wasn't going to make the kid drag himself into the tank, that would just be mean, instead she would help.

Getting Ranboo back into the tank was definitely a challenge, especially when Techno tried to help Ranboo just kept hissing at him. Even after Eret explained to the kid that Techno and Phil were not going to harm him they still didn't want the two near them, which she could kind of understand.

Watching Ranboo swim around confirmed their fears, the kid was bumping into walls and the bottom, steering directly into them. He was also tilting to the left, probably feeling off-balanced. This wasn't something that would heal and go away with time, this would be a death sentence if he was sent back into the ocean. Kristin was not going to like this.

Silently as he watched the kid she bit her nail, this wasn't good. Forget sinking the ship, Kristin would tear this vessel apart plank by plank, she'd probably even hunt down any survivors. They flinched when a hand landed on her shoulder, head snapping over to meet her friend's stormy blue eyes. Phil looked at him in concern, having only understood half of their conversations.

"It's bad isn't it?"

"Bad would be much better than this Phil. You better pray to whatever gods you believe in that I find his mother before she finds you because if she does you'll wish you never became a pirate."

The blonde winced, no doubt worried over his crew and ship. Eret glanced back to the teen who was glaring at Techno, the pinkette glaring right back. She needed to get these three on the same page if they would be stuck with each other until he could track down Kristin, this was going to be hard.

"Look, we need to figure out a plan here if everyone wants to get out of this alive. Phil, Techno you two are going to watch over Ranboo here until I find their mother-"

"We aren't babysitters."

"Well you are now, I can give you guys some tips and such but I can't do much about the language barrier. I'm sure they'll start picking up some words if you guys stay consistent, he should already know a few words at least so that should help."

Eret could tell Technoblade wasn't happy about this situation but he should have thought about that before pulling in a siren guppy. Phil on the other hand looked more than happy to be given babysitter duties, no doubt the blonde just wanted a chance to know more about the mysterious creatures.

"First thing, you need to change out that water. There's blood and no doubt it's stale, the kid will suffocate in there. Secondly, sirens are more animalistic in nature, they will defend themselves in any way possible when in danger, which includes biting. So avoid making Ranboo feel like they're in danger and you won't get bit. Thirdly, Ranboo can't stay like this. He isn't some fish, they'll need everything you or I do; like a place to sleep, stuff to eat, entertainment, and comfort."

"How can we do that mate, this is the only place on the ship we can keep them hidden from the crew."

Eret smirked, see while she taught Phil everything the blonde knows about sirens didn't mean they told the man everything she knew about sirens. The brunette looked over to Ranboo, whistling to gain the child's attention.

"Little one did your mother teach you how to change yet?" The teen frowned but nodded, not having to teach the kid made everything so much easier. *"That's good, can you do that now?"*

"Do I have to?"

The brunette chuckled at the childish hesitance, it looked like Ranboo wasn't a fan of humans. Still, Eret nodded, if they could get the kid to stay human until Eret could track down Kristin then they could actually take care of the kid instead of keeping him locked up below deck like a glorified pet fish.

The teen still obliged, slinking over to the edge of the tank with only a few bumps against the walls. Eret slipped into the pool as well, he wasn't sure if Ranboo got any practice above water or not, and she didn't want them faceplanting because gravity was a thing.

Slowly but surely Ranboo's striped tail turned into a pair of legs, scales being replaced by pale skin. Another good thing about this was that while human the kid's fin was tucked away inside of them and able to heal much faster than if he remained a siren.

"Sirens can do that!?"

Eret ignored Phil's outburst, the blonde would soon be throwing question after question at her over all of this. He could wait a few more seconds.

"Technoblade, can you go find a spare set of clothes for Ranboo? Without a tail, they are going to be more sensitive to the temperature."

It didn't take long for the captain to return with a simple shirt and pants, handing them over to Eret. The teen was making it very obvious they were not happy with being dry or wearing human clothes, glaring at all three adults. Thankfully Kristin was able to teach her guppies how to walk, that would not have been a fun thing to explain.

Having to explain to the kid that they in fact had to stay there was a lot harder of a task.

"Why?! Why can't I go back home!?"

"I'm sorry Ranboo but you have to stay here, just until I find your pod okay? Then you can go home."

It took an hour of arguing but Eret finally convince Ranboo to at least try and get along with the pirates, the siren was currently pouting off to the side. Phil has been trying to engage in conversation for the past twenty minutes, which was kind of funny to watch. Ranboo wanted nothing to do with the other, merely watching him with a glare. Phil wasn't giving up though, eagerly retelling some tale that was more fiction than truth.

"So we're stuck with the kid until you find his mom?"

Eret's gaze traveled over to the captain, the pinkette was also watching the other two. The brunette's eyes focused back on the siren and pirate, even if it seemed like they didn't care Ranboo was still focused on Phil as he spoke.

"Yeah, I mean I can't stop you from just chucking them overboard the second you leave the harbor but I know you won't do that. You act like you don't care but I've heard enough from Phil to know you're not so coldhearted to abandon a kid the second you get the chance. So I'm entrusting him to you two, just keep them alive for a month or so then they'll be out of your hair, deal?"

The captain sighed, eyes flicking over to the brunette. Eret knew she was right, and judging by Technoblade's expression he did too.

"Fine, but after that, he's gone. I'm no caretaker but I can at least keep the kid alive for a month."

"Wonderful, I'm sure you three will get along splendidly."

"I do have one question." Eret turned to face the pinkette, giving a hum to show she was listening. "How is it you're able to understand and speak with the kid? I didn't think people could even make those noises."

"Oh they can't, but I'm not human."

"Come again?"

Eret smirked when Technoblade turned to face them, obviously not expecting that answer. She would have thought it was pretty obvious by now, but then again he was able to hide this secret from Phil for over a decade and the blonde was pretty observant when he wanted to be.

"I said I'm not human. I'm a siren."

"Heh!?"



Chapter End Notes

Y'all get Eret's ref as the art this chapter~

Eret is a Green Mandarin Goby

Drawing that tail was torture and I never want to do it again, but it looks so nice DX

Fishboo makes some new friends

Chapter Summary

Bit of a shorter chapter this time,
Only by like 200 words so not much but still
I figure it ended best as it was then trying to add more~

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Mentions of Blood
Mentions of Wounds/Injuries
Cursing
Derogatory Statements
Mentions of Death/Murder
Mentions of Violence

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo was beyond sore and tired, but Pink was still here and the siren refused to let themselves fall asleep around the pirate once again. But Pink just kept chattering, gibberish spilling from his lips that made little to no sense to them. Though Pink was annoying it was better than being left alone or was it? He hasn't really been left alone since they were brought above water, and those blissful seconds he was were filled with fear and terror. So maybe having Pink and Green around to distract them from his impending doom was a good thing?

He was still concerned about how Pink knew their name or at least part of it. Look he may not be fluent in human but Tubbo and their mother taught them enough for the basics, the leporinus siren was basically fluent by now while he and Tommy knew enough to state their wants or needs; though their youngest sibling preferred human curses over actual words much to Ranboo and Kristin's despair. He knew his name, only being able to say half of it in human, so hearing a pirate say it was beyond confusing.

Pink had even tried to correct them like he was in the wrong instead of the other way around. Now Ranboo can admit they may have overreacted a bit when Pink kept mispronouncing their name, but it was getting annoying and he was still in pain. So they snapped a bit, but it got Pink to knock off his needless annoyances.

It was not long after that interaction that the sound of people coming closer sounded, thumps against the wooden floor. Now Ranboo knew there were other humans in the ship other than the three he's seen so far, they could hear the movements all around when all three colored humans were in sight and not moving around. So the siren wasn't dumb enough to believe he'd have to only deal with the three, no they knew there would be more eventually, but they really did not want to interact with more humans.

So his hissing started up once more, ear-fins pinning back as his pupils narrowed. They were giving off their most dangerous threatening posture as possible, not that any of these pirates even bothered heeding his warnings. Ranboo wasn't an aggressive siren, he never has been, but they were defensive. They were the oldest sibling meaning it had been his job since birth to keep his fellow guppies safe when their mother was away, he learned fast how to appear threatening enough to avoid fights with sharks and other dangerous creatures of the deep. Humans though either didn't believe his threat or simply didn't care, both made them dangerous.

Green had stepped down into the area, a new person behind him. Their hissing picked up, growls layering them as he hunkered down. Pink was jabbering on about something at him but they didn't bother to try and understand. Green was a threat but one Ranboo could somewhat predict, the new person was the true danger. The stranger, Ranboo would deem them Blue, for now, stared at them in slight fear. Good, Blue should be afraid of them and stay very very far away from him. Green and Blue spoke, Blue was loud before they stalked forward.

Wasn't Blue scared of them? Why were they coming closer then?! Ranboo's growls grew to snarls, teeth on full display with the promise of them sinking their jaws into Blue's arm if they tried anything. Green and Pink had both tried to stop Blue, but it didn't work. If Blue could ignore Pink and Green did that mean Blue was more dangerous than even Yellow? Oh, he was screwed then, had Pink and Green been waiting for Blue to show up before killing them? Was that why they waited so long?

Blue crouched in front of them, staring directly at him. A challenge. Ranboo's growls were loud and strong, promising to make due on his threats. But Blue rumbled, not like the rumbling Pink did, no this one buzzed their brain and calmed them almost instantly. That was like their mother's rumbles, or their siblings, a noise meant to calm and bring promises of safety. So why did Blue know how to do that?

"Hello little one, where's your pod?"

Their fins perked, He could understand Blue. Blue was speaking to them and he could understand it! They still didn't trust Blue, for all they knew Blue was trying to trick them. But humans shouldn't be able to mimic a siren so perfectly, Kristin said humans couldn't produce such noises and what they could make didn't come close to an actual siren call.

"Can you tell me what happened? I'd like to get you back to your pod."

While still wary Ranboo retold his story to Blue. How the orca attacked during their hunting trip, getting tangled in the pirate's trap, being lifted above water, being tossed into the pool of water, getting attacked and marked, getting attacked again, and then when Green returned

with Blue. They explained how they were beyond positive that he would be killed, at any moment they could breathe their last.

"No one will be killing you, no one was planning to either. Those two were trying to help. The string in your side is supposed to keep the wound closed, helping it heal faster. Neither were trying to hurt you."

Ranboo was coming to the conclusion that Blue was in fact not human, they spoke way to fluently for a mere human to replicate. Which meant Blue was a siren, meaning they must be safe. Kristin had always told them that if they were ever lost to seek out another siren. While territorial creatures at heart none would dare to harm a youngling, that would be considered worse than death. The youngling's pod would hunt down whoever killed their young and slaughter the siren and their whole pod for the action.

So maybe if they explained better that Pink and Green did in fact hurt them Blue would be willing to defend him. Blue was an adult siren, it was obvious they were no guppy like himself, so Blue could easily keep them safe from the pirates if they wanted. He just needed to make it clear that they were not safe here, that they needed protection.

"How are you so sure? Pink and Green still hurt me, Yellow as well."

"I know you're wary young one but don't worry, I know Green and the last thing he would want to do is hurt you. Pink is too scared to do anything that Green would disapprove of, I'm not sure who Yellow is but if they are on this ship then they are under Green and Pink so they shouldn't hurt you either."

Blue knew Green, but why? He knows older sirens journey above the waves to mingle with humans, his mother does it constantly. But to be friends with one? That was the confusing part.

What is your name little one? You can call me Eret."

"Ranboo..." They hesitated for a second, glancing past Blue, or Eret now to look at the two pirates who were conversing quietly behind them. "Yellow did hurt me though, and it couldn't have been to help."

Eret asked to see their fin, and Ranboo gladly showed it to her. If this helped convince the older siren to help them then he'd gladly show any injury they received from the pirates.

She frowned, clearly distressed by their injury, which just helped Ranboo believe he'd be saved. Eret started talking human to Pink and Green, words that Ranboo didn't even try to understand. Eret was between him and the pirates, making them feel much safer than any moment since arriving on this ship.

The older siren was upset with the pirates, quiet growls escaping them as he spoke with Pink and Green. Ranboo watched the entire interaction, curious if Eret would just outright attack his captors or simply force them to let the young siren free. But then the brunette turned to them, a question being asked.

"Ranboo, who is your parent?"

"Kristin."

They knew other sirens could know of their mother, for all he knew Eret could have been a part of the main pod that Kristin was also a part of. They hadn't been introduced to the main pod yet, their mother deemed them still too young to travel that deep into the ocean just yet. The main pod would have known of him and his siblings somewhat, they would have at least known that their mother had guppies she was raising in the shallow waters. Which would have seen dumb too many sirens since the threat of humans and pirates were so much higher the closer to shore you got but this also meant that it kept bigger predators away. While Orcas and sharks were still common they weren't such a deadly threat like a giant squid or larger sharks, humans were easier to avoid if you stayed away from the surface.

"Okay Ranboo, I need you to do a favor for me okay?" Ranboo glanced at him before nodding, ear fins perked curiously. They'd do whatever Eret wanted if it meant they would get to go back home to their brothers. "I'm worried about your fin so I need to see how badly it's hurt, which means I need you to swim around a bit. Can you do that for me?"

The monochrome siren frowned slightly, glancing over at the tank before looking back to the brunette. He wasn't that willing to attempt to maneuver around in the water but they still nodded, pushing themselves up onto their elbows. The brunette helped them into the tank, which made it much easier and quicker than if he didn't do it himself.

Pink kept trying to get close, his hands would try and reach for them and Ranboo would hiss at him. Eret tried to explain that Pink wasn't going to hurt them, he wasn't so sure though. He still informed the older siren that they didn't want Pink or Green too close to them, which Eret seemed to understand.

Once back in the water Ranboo did as he was asked, tail propelling them forward... and right into the wall. Their face smacked against the hard surface before they pushed themselves away from it, thumping onto the floor of the tank. This sucked, no matter how much he turned or twisted he'd end up bumping into at least one wall or the floor. It was as if any direction he wanted to go his body would do the opposite, they were also trying extremely hard not to flip over. He kept leaning to the right, having to actively force himself to tilt to the left so he didn't flip over.

After a few minutes of this, they breached the water, keeping half their face submerged as they watched the three above them interact. Eret was talking to the pirates again, frown on their face. Oddly enough both Pink and Green looked upset like they were guilty. Good, they should feel bad for causing Ranboo's once amazing swimming skills to suffer because of Yellow. Eret then glanced over to them after discussing whatever with the humans.

"Little one did your mother teach you how to change yet?" The teen frowned but nodded, they did not like where this conversation was going. If Eret was going to suggest what he thought she would... "That's good, can you do that now?"

Of course, they would, the one thing Ranboo was putting off doing. Would it make his escape easier? Oh yeah, of course, he'd be able to just jump off the ship and into the sea. But the

issue was the time between the shift, it left them way too vulnerable and open to any attacks. At least with their scales, they had better protection, but just complete flesh like their chest and stomach? Yeah, he'd be slaughtered easily.

"Do I have to?"

Please say no, please please just say no. Eret nodded though, and Ranboo said he would do whatever the older siren asked since it promised freedom. So as slow as they could he made his way over to the side of the tank, eyes pleading to Eret to not make them do this. The older siren slipped into the pool with them, hands reached out for them to grab. She was going to make him do this, there was no way out.

The teen grabbed the other's hands, using them as a balance as he shifted his tail to be underneath them rather than behind them as it had been. Slowly but surely that tingle started up, scales sinking into him and leaving behind pale flesh, Ranboo hated the feeling. It didn't hurt or anything but it was strange and made them feel vulnerable, things Ranboo wasn't a fan of.

Soon enough his tail was replaced by legs, whatever heat they had left their body by the second. They shivered before Eret handed over cloth, another rougher fabric being draped around them as they were led out of the pool. Being dry sucked. His hair was poofy and tickling them constantly, the fabric Eret had them wear was itchy and they couldn't stop thinking about the feeling of it against their skin, and then Eret said the worst thing possible.

Why?! Why can't I go back home!?"

"I'm sorry Ranboo but you have to stay here, just until I find your pod okay? Then you can go home."

No, that was completely unfair! They did what was asked of them, he even shifted for Eret. And yet the older siren was going to willingly leave him here with two pirates and who knows how many more humans?! What kind of help was that?!

Eret tried to explain, it took forever before the younger siren even felt a tad okay with being left here. It was only after the guarantee that no one would actively hurt them that he agreed to attempt to play nice. Eret informed the pirates of the arrangements as well, Green started trying to speak to them almost instantly. The blonde was tiny now that Ranboo could tower over him, even Pink was shorter than him. It helped ease their fears, now that they appeared taller it would be easier to threaten the humans, but he promised Eret they'd place nice so he would but the second one of them tried something he wasn't going to sit and take it.



"So we're stuck with the kid until you find his mom?"

Techno asked the brunette at his side, the pinkette was watching his first mate try to communicate with the kid. And wasn't that a shock? Turns out the siren they fished up was actually just a kid, a super tall lanky kid. The kid, Ranboo, did not look like he was having a fun time but still, they kept their attention on Philza. Another fun surprise was the drastic change in hair color, going from half black and white to a sandy blonde. Even the kid's eyes dulled down to an olive green and hazel brown instead of the vibrant crimson and emerald they had earlier.

"Yeah, I mean I can't stop you from just chucking them overboard the second you leave the harbor but I know you won't do that. You act like you don't care but I've heard enough from Phil to know you're not so coldhearted to abandon a kid the second you get the chance. So I'm entrusting him to you two, just keep them alive for a month or so then they'll be out of your hair, deal?"

The captain sighed, eyes flicking over to the brunette. Curse her. He wasn't soft, but it was true, he wouldn't throw the kid overboard anytime soon. Especially after Eret stated that they would most likely not survive out in the open sea with his injuries, which was just great.

"Fine, but after that, he's gone. I'm no caretaker but I can at least keep the kid alive for a month."

"Wonderful, I'm sure you three will get along splendidly."

"I do have one question." Eret turned to face him, giving a hum to show she was listening. "How is it you're able to understand and speak with the kid? I didn't think people could even make those noises."

"Oh they can't, but I'm not human."

"Come again?"

Technoblade turned to look at the brunette, confusion plastered across his face. They couldn't be serious. A siren? Eret? Phil's weird siren enthusiast friend? She's a siren?

"I said I'm not human. I'm a siren."

"Heh!?"

Honestly, Technoblade would have believed it more if the brunette said the sky was orange, this seemed even more unbelievable. But if he really thought back to it a lot of stuff started to slot into place. Having an obsession with sirens, befriending Phil, knowing a lot about the mysterious sea creatures, being able to speak with sirens, and just the overall mysterious aura Eret held.

"Are you really that surprised captain? How else do you think Phil knows so much about sirens? He didn't get it from some book."

"So if you're a siren like you claim, which I'm still not one hundred percent certain about, then why are you above water? Won't you like dry out?"

Eret laughed at him, wiping a tear from their eye. "Technoblade how much do you know of sirens?"

"Not much, just whatever Phil has mentioned."

Phil could go on rambles for hours on the creatures, he did pay attention to the blonde but the topic never really interested him. Whenever the shorter male returned from Eret's he'd go on tangents of what he learned that day, it all sounded like small unimportant things.

"That's because I've been keeping stories of sirens secret. I've been spreading rumors and lies of them to keep pirates like yourself from hunting them down and getting yourselves killed for nearly two hundred years or so. But of course, pirates are all the same, drunk off of mead and looking for a beautiful creature to fuck because no sane woman would want them."

The captain furrowed his brows, that was definitely one way to phrase that. Sure he knew a lot of pirates were selfish bastards, though he wouldn't put himself or his crew into that stereotype. He figured Eret just wasn't a fan of pirates, which would be fair as she is a siren.

"Of course, I know you and your crew are different, Phil has told me many stories. Sometimes I let pirates believe they will find a beauty in the sea, they never come back though which I suspect they ventured over a siren's nest and got themselves killed. You were lucky, if you caught Ranboo then I'm sure you drifted over Kristin's nest, if she was there you'd be at the bottom of the sea and we would not be talking right now. But to answer your question, no I won't dry out and neither will Ranboo."

"So you've basically have gotten sailors killed?"

"Only the really bad ones, otherwise I try to keep humans and sirens separate."

The pinkette's attention went back to the other two in the area, Phil was going on a tangent about how he stole some noble's treasure and just barely got away with his life. The siren on the other hand was warbling and making clicking noises back, he glanced to Eret with a silent question to translate. Eret smirked before translating for the man.

"Ranboo is talking about how whatever food you gave them. What did you give him?"

"Uh, just some scraps from breakfast; some dried meat, bread, a muffin, and hashbrowns. Can sirens eat that?"

The brunette smirked at him, obviously finding it funny he was only slightly worried about accidentally poisoning the kid. Eret shook his head and informed Techno that no, Ranboo wasn't going to die from eating normal food. Then the brunette asked for a single raw fish, a weird request but he pointed them to a bucket nearby. Eret dug around it for a second before pulling out a decently sized fish, whistling sharply.

"Ranboo, food."

The kid pushed himself up before walking over, eagerly accepting the fish. The worst part was that he actually took a bite of the thing, which was overly gross. Eret laughed at his

disgusted face, chuckling even more as Phil started shooting off questions about if that was healthy or if only certain fish could be eaten raw.

"Calm down, it's not going to hurt them or anything. Sirens can handle eating raw meat, did you expect him to just eat seaweed or something? We have sharp teeth for a reason."

"What I didn't expect was you to just give them a whole fish, and for him to just bite into it."

The brunette shrugged, maybe this was normal for them but it was beyond disturbing for the captain. Phil looked excited, which he should have expected but seriously? He's excited to see some teenager devour a raw fish in front of him? He worries for his friend's sanity.

Once the fish was no more than bones did Eret suggest bringing them to the deck, Techno mentioned the fact that the kid could easily leap off into the sea but Eret informed him that Ranboo wouldn't be doing that since he wasn't that stupid. The whole way up the younger siren kept behind Eret, hand gripped tightly onto their shirt. It was kind of a funny sight, seeing as Ranboo was a good four inches taller than the other siren yet was hiding behind the brunette.

Most of his crew was bustling around, preparing the ship so it could set sail before sunset. He glanced back at the sound of a quiet growl rumbling out but before he could say anything Eret dealt with the issue. The brunette flicked the teen's forehead, shutting down the noise immediately. Technoblade would assume she was scolding Ranboo by the way they shrunk down, avoiding looking at the other. If all it took to get the kid to stop being so aggressive was a flick to the forehead he would have been doing that a lot sooner, maybe then his arm wouldn't be sore and the young siren would still have a working flipper.

The first to notice the group were Niki and Jack, both glanced over in curiosity. Only Manifold was brave or stupid enough to come closer, earning a hiss from the teenager. Poor guy scrambled back so quickly he almost fell over, making his way back to hide behind the smaller pinkette. Niki laughed and teased him, Jack grumbled but didn't dare try getting close again. The pinkette did venture closer though, pausing at the next hiss, only moving again after Ranboo stopped. She got close enough to stand right in front of Eret, hand held out with a bright smile on her face.

"Hello, my name is Niki. It's a pleasure to meet you."

"Hello, my name is Eret and this is Ranboo. They sadly don't speak or understand much English, so I ask you to be patient with them. He's going to be staying with Technoblade and Philza for the time being."

"Oh dear, that must be very scary. Can he read and write? Perhaps that could solve the communication issues?"

Eret glanced back at the teen, a quiet thrill escaping her. The kid nodded once, eyes flicking from the brunette and Niki. Techno wasn't sure if that meant yes or no, being unaware of how the other asked the question. He got his answer though when Eret relayed that yes Ranboo could read and write. Phil then rushed off to grab parchment and a quill, eager to finally have a conversation with the kid.

The blonde wasn't gone long, he probably rushed to Wilbur's study to snatch the items. Phil handed over the materials to the teen, ushering them to sit on the deck and write something. Ranboo looked beyond confused but followed along with what the other was trying to get him to do, eyes glancing up at Eret occasionally. The brunette had to verbally tell them what Phil wanted from him, the young siren complied easily.

His first mate dipped the quill in the ink before handing it over, moving his hand in a writing gesture to get his point across. Ranboo seemed to understand, dragging the quill across the page with ease. The kid's handwriting was graceful and full of curls, whomever was their mother must have thought them cursive or something because no way should someone's script be that fancy.

All four of them were leaned in close, curious about what the teen would write. The smaller pinkette was the first to fully read the swirling text, chuckling as she held a hand to her mouth. Techno was the next to understand what was written, sighing as he took in the words. He should have expected the teen to say something like this, sass them in some way. Written in ink, with way too many swirls in the captain's opinion, were the words;

I s̄trōŋly d̄is̄like yōu.

Phil didn't seem to care about what was actually written, pulling out a second quill he had brought with him. Phil started writing as well, the two holding a conversation. Eret and Niki were watching the two quietly, fond smiles on their face as if watching their kids play together. The captain could only get a few glances at the parchment as it was passed between the two but most of the conversation went as follows;

WHAT DO SIRENS DO FOR FUN?

I d̄on't knōw, my s̄iblīngs̄ like to ḡo exp̄lorīng.

HOW OLD ARE YOU?

Seventeen, I'm the eldest of my brothers.

WHAT ARE YOUR BROTHERS' NAMES?

Tubb̄s̄ and Tom̄my. Tom̄my is the youngest, he is fifteen.

He stopped paying attention after that, not finding as much joy in the interaction as his friend was. At least Ranboo seemed more willing to interact now instead of hissing and growling the whole time. His focus went back to Niki and Eret, listening in on their quiet conversation.

"Oh, so they are a stowaway?"

"Yeah basically, I'm going to try and find his mother but I asked Phil and Techno to watch over them until then. I'd rather not bring them into town, he isn't the most social as you can see."

The pinkette nodded along, a soft smile forming on her lips. "I'm sure they'll be safe aboard the Syndicate. I'll make sure to keep an eye on him too, the captain isn't the best with children."

He wouldn't admit it but he was grateful that Niki was willing to watch the kid as well, he was definitely not confident in his social skills to deal with a siren teenager. And judging by the stowaway story Eret seemed to be pushing she wanted to keep the siren part a secret, which was more than fine with him. He trusted his crew but you never know who would be willing to betray someone over a few pieces of gold, and he'd rather not have a second siren hunting him and his ship down. He didn't even want one looking for him, yet some higher being hated him and liked to watch him suffer.

His attention snapped over to the siren and his partner, the kid had begun hissing again. Sue him for being worried about Phil possibly getting bit, but thankfully the noise wasn't directed at the blonde but instead a small calico kitten. The feline was pushing itself up against the kid's side, ignoring the teen's hissing. The cat glanced up at them before giving a 'mrow' and headbutting their leg. It was probably one of the kitchen cats they kept aboard to catch any pests, one of the animals must have given birth recently. He really hoped the siren wouldn't attempt to eat the thing, who knows what Ranboo would consider food versus not food.

Phil grabbed the kitten, holding it in his lap. He scribbled out something on the parchment before petting the cat in exaggerated motions. Ranboo's eyebrows furrowed as he looked from the words to the kitten who was gladly accepting the attention, at least the teen stopped hissing. The young siren reached out and the feline bumped its head into the open palm, purring quite loudly. Ranboo flinched before gently stroking the tricolored fur, inching closer.

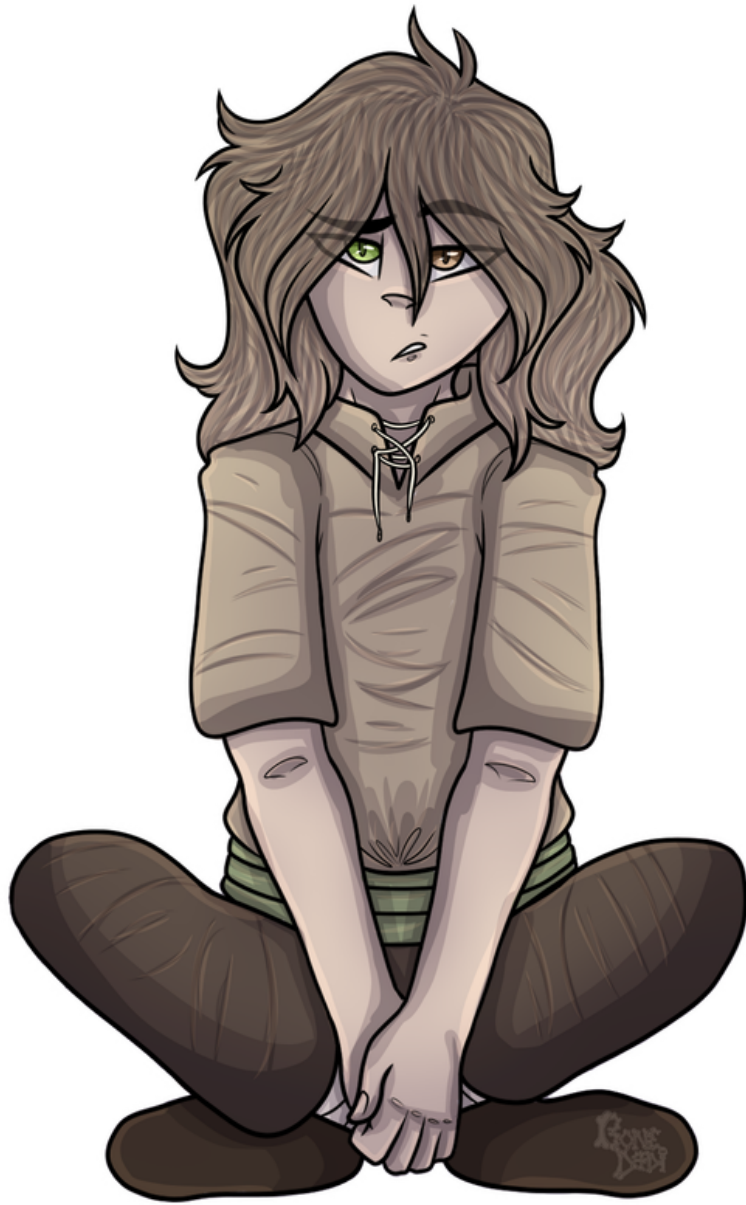
Eventually, the kitten was handed over to Ranboo, the teen cradling the feline as if he'd accidentally hurt it if they held it incorrectly. His first mate wrote something else on the parchment, the siren looked over it before maneuvering the feline on his lap. They scribbled out something, whatever he replied had the older blonde snickering quietly.

Phil motioned him over after noticing the pinkette watching, Technoblade soon made his way over. Ranboo watched him with narrowed eyes but wasn't actively growling at him which was a good sign. Phil held up the parchment and pointed to the last set of lines, most likely what the two had just been discussing.

DO YOU WANT TO NAME HIM?

Jjjjjjjjeffery.

Ah, now he sees why Phil had been snickering, the kid's naming skills were abysmal.



Chapter End Notes

Fish gets cat

Cat Fish

I was bribed again so Ranboo can have Jjjjjjjjeffrey

Also, enjoy some human fishboo!~

The outfit was designed by;; [Kate478_art on Insta](#)

Fishboo > The Little Mermaid

Chapter Summary

Enjoy the mini refs as the art for this chapter!!~

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Mentions of Death/Murder

Mentions of Abandonment

Mentions of Blood

Cursing

Mentions of Wounds/Injuries

Mentions of Violence

Mentions of Weapons

Mentions of Drowning/Suffocation

Mentions of Kidnapping

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Switching from a stick to what Phil called a quill wasn't that hard, they did keep forgetting to dip it in the ink though. The blonde pirate introduced himself through his words, also introducing pink as Techno and the other pirate as Niki. Phil was definitely curious, asking question after question about the most mundane things. Ranboo answered easily, there wasn't any harm in conversing with the pirate. He'd be stuck aboard their ship for a while, Eret said at least a week since they didn't know where his mother went after visiting the human town.

They weren't very happy about the idea of spending days with these humans, they were terrifying creatures he's been warned about since hatching. Yet Phil seemed kind of nice, he apologized at least for all of their actions and gave their reasoning for said acts. Pi-Techno was still a mystery to the siren, he was beyond intimidating yet Phil kept saying he wasn't that scary he just looked fear-inducing. Which did not help Ranboo's perception of him whatsoever.

Halfway through the two's conversation, a creature appeared, the teen only having noticed it once it rubbed up against them. He hissed, recoiling from the fuzzy four-legged creature. It was tiny and Ranboo could probably overpower it if need be but there was always the chance this thing could injure them like a stingray or lionfish; Tommy's own venom was annoying and made fighting with him quite aggravating.

The creature ignored his threat, instead it just rubbed up against them while rumbling happily. Thankfully Phil rescued them, snatching the creature away before it could hurt Ranboo. They'd need to thank the blonde later, he may dislike humans but they weren't rude and his mother taught them basic manners. The pirate held the creature as he gestured around it, petting the thing as it sat in his lap. Phil even wrote down what this thing was; a kitten apparently. Ranboo had no idea what a kitten even was.

The pirate then went on to explain that the kitten was an animal and wouldn't hurt Ranboo, even going as far to say that the kitten was fragile. Phil even asked them to pet the fuzzy being, which the siren was hesitant to do. The second his hand came close the kitten head-butted it, pushing a soft furry head against their skin. The teen recoiled instantly, unused to the soft texture. Still, he reached out again and did as Phil instructed, petting the creature gently.

Soon the kitten was being handed over to them, the siren unsure how to handle the situation just accepted the small bundle of fur. Phil said it was fragile so Ranboo needed to be gentle or risk hurting the tiny thing. It reminded him of the tiny clownfish that made a home in the anemone they had in their section of the cave, the tiny orange fish were more skittish than this kitten though.

Phil started writing on the off-white sheet again, asking them if he wished to name the tiny creature. After a little deliberation, he came up with a name; Jjjjjjjeffery. Was it the best name they've ever come up with? No, no it was not. Did he care? No, not really. Neither Tommy nor Tubbo were here to judge him on his naming skills.

Phil seemed to find joy in their chosen name, even Techno peered over to read the name. Honestly, they didn't care what the kitten was named, he knew they wouldn't be able to bring the thing home. While sirens could survive on both land and sea creatures on land usually couldn't survive in the sea, he doubted Jjjjjjjeffery would be an exception. Not to say Ranboo wasn't attached to the tiny animal, because they definitely were, but he wasn't stupid and knew it would be impossible no matter how much they wished for it. Tommy and Tubbo would never get to meet Jjjjjjjeffery which was saddening but honestly, Ranboo wasn't even sure if he would be seeing his brothers again anytime soon.

Eret said she would try and get them reunited as quickly as possible but that could take weeks, maybe even years. Ranboo didn't want to wait that long though, he's only been with the pirates for a little over a day and it's already been too long. They knew he couldn't return on his own, they didn't even know where exactly he was. The ship was docked at some human port and Ranboo saw no landmarks they would recognize to even point in the direction of home. Their fin was also an issue, the limb hurt to move, and trying to swim with it left them struggling to stay upright. He'd never outswim any predator that spotted him and decided they'd make a tasty snack. Without their pod, he would be no different than the krill that actively swim into a whale's mouth.

He would be screwed both in and out of the water.

So for now they'd listen to Eret, they'd sit on this ship with the pirates until Eret returned with their pod. It would suck and he'd hate every second of it but what other choice did they have? Jump into the sea and wait to be some bigger fish's lunch? Yeah no that wouldn't be

fun, at least here Eret promised their safety. Did they trust the pirates? Oh definitely not, but he trusted Eret and she said they would be safe here.

This ship was to be their home for the foreseeable future, Ranboo just hoped it wouldn't be longer than a week.



Things seemed to be going better now, the siren... kid wasn't actively threatening them anymore which was nice. Still, they would glare at Techno whenever they looked over at him, noticing his staring. It was still weird for Technoblade to believe that sirens actually existed and weren't just some sailor's tale. Yet he had not just one but now two aboard his ship, and to make matters worse one was a literal baby.

Eret had gone on to explain this better, stating that sirens lived for way longer than humans. On average a siren could live anywhere from one thousand to one thousand five hundred years, sometimes even longer. Eret herself was in the seven hundreds, which seemed impossible since they didn't look like they were more than half a millennia old. Then came Ranboo's own age, a measly seventeen compared to Eret's own seven hundred thirty-five. When you compared the two it was obvious the younger would be considered a baby, probably a toddler at most.

The older siren did thankfully explain that mentally Ranboo was no different than a human teenager and that they were not mentally an infant which Techno was grateful for. He doesn't know if he'd be able to handle a baby who could be rather aggressive aboard his ship, at least a teenager would be willing to listen and actually understand when Techno told him not to do something. That was definitely one of the first things they taught the kid; to not touch things and to listen when one of them tells him not to do something.

He could practically see Phil's mind racing with teaching methods and ways to help Ranboo understand them and hopefully communicate verbally. Phil's always been a family man, he treated the crew as if they were one big family. The rest of the crew accepted this role easily, falling into the warm atmosphere of domestic life. He didn't mind it much, his crew was important to him so of course they would be considered his family in a way. Phil was just a lot more open about this connection.

The blonde had practically adopted Ranboo the second they figured out what exactly the kid was. Phil was attached and Techno was worried. Ranboo had a family out there, one that Eret said would definitely be looking for them. Which meant he wouldn't be staying longer than necessary, no longer than a month or so. It would break Phil's heart to let the teen go. It was obvious to the pinkette that his partner already considered Ranboo one of his own, just like Wilbur. He'd be devastated when the time came for the kid to leave with his mom.

He couldn't tell Phil to not get close, to not get attached. It was too late for that, and just reminding him wasn't going to do anything. So he'd just need to be ready for when the time

came, be ready to soften the blow and pick up the pieces of a distraught surrogate father.

For now, though he would let the blonde play house, let him have the family he wished for, the family Technoblade couldn't give him. It would be cruel of him to rip that away from his partner.



They were beyond screwed.

Forget being grounded! They were going to be confined to the nest for years! The second Kristin gets back she'd know something was wrong! Ranboo, her golden child, was gone and she'd notice in seconds.

They tried to follow the ship, they circled it for hours as it drifted further and further away from their cave. The two of them shot idea after idea out, none would end up working. And who's to say Ranboo was even still alive up there?

Soon enough the ship was too far, leaving the safety of Kristin's territory. They wouldn't be able to follow it, following it would end up with one or both of them killed. They'd be able to keep up with the behemoth of a vessel but so would the bigger predators of the open ocean.

The two were left pacing the edges of the territory, calling out for their sibling and praying for a response that wouldn't come. Tubbo was a lot calmer than Tommy, the lionfish kept pacing along the coral line that marked the edge only to swim back after a few feet. Nervous thrills and warbles escaped him as sharp teeth chewed on his black claws, fins fluttering sporadically. The leporinus had one arm crossed over his chest while his other hand held his chin, ideas and plans running through his brain.

Without Ranboo there that left Tubbo in charge, meaning it was his job to keep the pod safe until either the clownfish or their mother returned. It was his call if they chased the ship down or not. He wanted to, oh how he wanted to chase the ship down and snatch his sibling back. But doing so put not just himself but also Tommy at risk, and while he knew the blonde wouldn't care Tubbo couldn't willingly put his younger brother in such a position. Both of them could be caught just as Ranboo had, and what good were they if all they did was manage to put themselves in the same position?

So Tubbo made a decision.

"What do you mean?! You can't be serious! Tubbo come on! We can still catch up and with the two of us, we can take a few humans! Ranboo's on that ship! We can't just- we can't just leave him there!"

"I'm sorry Tommy. We have to."

"Bullshit! If it was one of us on that ship Ranboo would go get us!"

“I’m not Ranboo Tommy. They would never want us putting ourselves in needless danger like that, you know this as well as I do.” He snarled out, fins flaring to make himself appear bigger. Tommy knew his words were true, Ranboo would willingly sacrifice himself if it meant Tommy and Tubbo were safe. The bastard. “I hate making this choice Tommy, but I know we need to wait for Kristin. Once she’s back we’ll be able to hunt down that ship and get Ranboo back.”

“And what if it’s too late?! What if we get there and Ranboo’s dead?! Then what?!”

Tubbo was silent. He knew that was a possibility, a horrible chance that he didn’t want to believe was even possible. But he knew. Kristin warned them of the dangers humans presented, that they would not hesitate to kill a siren. And Ranboo was stubborn, they wouldn’t change into human form to trick their captors. The clownfish would go down as a siren, fighting tooth and nail if necessary.

“It’s my fault...”

The brunette’s head snapped up, green eyes staring directly at the younger siren. Tommy was huddled into himself, arms wrapped around his chest in a makeshift hug. His eyes brimmed with tears, his shoulders were raised, and his ear fins drooped.

“It’s not-“

“It is though! If I didn’t pester them to go to that ship! If I didn’t even see that ship in the first place! We wouldn’t have even been over there! We’d be far away near the hunting grounds! Ranboo wouldn’t have gotten hurt by that orca! He wouldn’t have been tangled in that rope! They would still be here! And it’s all my fault!”

The lionfish keened, sinking to the ocean floor and kicking up sand. His shoulders shook as he sobbed, tail curled close and making his form even smaller than Tubbo’s. The brunette approached cautiously, hand reaching to touch his brother’s shoulder. Tommy shrunk more at the touch, breath hitching before more cries escaped him.

“It’s not your fault Tommy. You didn’t know this would happen, none of us did. You didn’t make Ranboo go to the ship, you didn’t make them become bait for the orca, and you definitely didn’t throw them into that net. It’s not any of our faults.”

“But!-“

“No, no buts. You didn’t cause this, none of it. Now come on, let’s go back and wait for mom. She’ll know what to do, she’ll be able to get Ranboo back.”

The blonde didn’t argue, instead he just got up and let the leporinus guide him back to their home.



Being in a human town was always a fun experience, one she couldn't wait to give to her guppies. They were getting close to the age her father brought her above shore, a bit early for some guppies but her children were strong and knew the dangers. She made sure to teach them about humans and how deadly they could be, she taught them how to blend in, how to speak their language; well to a degree. Tubbo picked it up easily, he could speak in full sentences and even hold a conversation. Her oldest, Ranboo, struggled with human words. His script though? Nearly fluent. Tubbo may have gotten the hang of verbal communication but he lacked the skills for its written counterpart, meanwhile Ranboo struggled with the spoken words yet took to script like a fish to water.

Her youngest, Theseus, struggled with both. It was to be expected though. The three were still very young and still had years to learn this stuff, her two oldest just seemed to have a better hang of it than Tommy. Her youngest did pick up on human curses, honestly she was pretty sure he could understand more human words but just chose not to. Which was fine, her babies didn't need to be perfect yet, they had time.

At least she thought they did.

Her latest trip to the human town had her away for a few days. She wasn't that worried Ranboo was left in charge, and he was beyond careful when it came to protecting his brothers. While Theseus was adventurous, and Tubbo was beyond smart, Ranboo was protective. She could already see what type of sirens her guppies would be when they grew older and reconvened with the main pod.

Tubbo would be a scholar, he'd help teach the other sirens about the world above. The brunette had always been curious about humans, their funny knickknacks and little gadgets. He'd go on to teach the others how to use these items, how to build their own, and how to improve them.

Theseus would be a warrior, he'd be one of the main providers. The blonde was reckless at times but his actions usually ended with minimal injuries. He'd be one of the sirens that would hunt down the bigger prey; the sharks, trout, even whales. He'd be one of the strongest, she just knew it.

Ranboo would be a protector, there was no doubt about that one. The clownfish corralled their brothers like a worried mother, sometimes she thinks he might be their true mother. While not possible it was still a funny thought. Ranboo would be the one who kept the pod safe while the warriors were out. They'd help out any of the expecting parents, promise to guard their nests if one needed to go about their own duties. Ranboo would end up being a wonderful parent to his own clutch one day; if they chose to have one of course.

Kristin could picture her boys, her guppies, growing to be the strong sirens she knew they'd be. She was proud to call them hers, and she made sure to brag to all of her friends about it. She still had connections to the main pod, she stayed in touch for when they would reconvene back with the rest of them. Now while most pods stayed together when one decides to become a parent it's not unusual for one to leave and go to their family nesting grounds like Kristin did. Was it safer? Sometimes, usually not but Kristin was large enough to keep any potential predators at bay. The basslet knew her nest was in a safe section of the ocean,

hidden away in a coral forest and within cave systems. Her father raised her here, she knew it was safe.

Her guppies were also strong enough to keep themselves safe, if they stayed close to the nest then nothing would ever touch them. Of course, with Tommy's nature, it was hard to keep them contained in one area for long. Hence why she promised that when she returned this time they could go venture farther for treasure, her two youngest were avid collectors after all.

Her bag rustled as the currents brushed against it, its items clinking together to produce a soft melody. She knew they'd enjoy the present she'd be bringing back this time, they always did. This time she got her hands on a box that created music, something she knew Tubbo would want to take apart to see how it works. Ranboo wouldn't let him though, he'd want to keep it in pristine shape. Tommy would probably only care about it for a day before going back to fashioning sticks into spears.

Going to and from town took a while, a few hours at most. She'd need to sneak back into the water while still in her human form, walk across the seafloor until she was farther out before shifting back. Her form was too big to change as soon as she was back in the sea, she'd be spotted in an instant. She didn't mind though, she enjoyed walking around as a human. Humans were curious creatures, they made such interesting things and knew so much. But there were always the dangers hidden in plain sight. Like the weapons they held at their sides, their large ships that held even deadlier weapons, and not to mention how quickly they can turn hostile with one another.

The surface was a dangerous place, not that the ocean wasn't but at least sirens didn't attack each other for no reason. No, her kind only defended their territory or themselves, and not a single one would even think of harming a child. Guppies weren't a common thing for sirens, the act of making one wasn't hard but most saw no reason to become a parent. Kristin didn't know how one could think like that, her boys were her world.

Kristin hadn't thought she wanted to be a parent, at least not until she spotted a nest of clownfish. The little orange fish were checking on their clutch, hundreds of tiny eggs plastered to the side of a rock. Kristin was intrigued, stopping to watch the fish parents care for their young. One of the fish nudged an egg, pushing it and separating it from the rest. Then the egg was nudged fully off, dropping to the sand below. The basslet expected the clownfish parents to go grab their fallen egg and return it to the rest of the clutch. But no, the egg was abandoned on the seafloor.

It was sad, but it was the circle of life. The egg was probably sick, the tiny fish probably wouldn't survive long after hatching so the parents decided it would be best to ditch it now instead of watching it suffer before perishing. Kristin couldn't bear that thought. The tiny thing was left alone, left for whatever predator would come by as a tasty snack. So the basslet decided right then and there that she would become a mother.

She swam closer, cupping her hands under the sand to lift the egg closer. The little thing was no bigger than a pebble, little form squirming around in its casing. The egg's coloring was a pinch dark than its siblings', the most likely reason it was abandoned in the first place. But that was fine, this was now Kristin's egg; her baby.

And that's how her clutch started, a tiny clownfish egg she held carefully and poured her soul into. The ocean's magic inside her helped form the baby, helped make them hers. And then the egg hatched, a tiny form squirming around in her hands. Instead of the orange and white stripes she expected from a clownfish the guppy's tail was monochrome, black and white stripes were what greeted her. Their eyes held most of their color, red and green stared up at her as her own gold stared at them. Kristin fell in love that day. This was her child, her guppy, her baby, and she swore to keep them safe.

Ranboo, first of her clutch. She loved the tiny siren, he was so curious yet didn't dare leave her side. Whenever they strayed too far or lost sight of her they'd panic, only calming once safely tucked under one of her fins or nestled in her hair. He was actually the one to spot the leporinus school with its tiny nesting grounds. Ranboo was also the one to point out the tiny egg, one smaller than the rest of the clutch. The leporinus parents seemed cautious of her approach, scattering once she was close enough. They knew she could easily kill them and knew picking a fight with the bigger fish was not an option.

The tiny egg was pushed to the edge of the nest, obviously not as cared for as the other stronger-looking guppies. So she took that one too, the fish wouldn't mind, they had hundreds of babies they could spare one for her and her clutch. So the tiny leporinus egg became her second guppy, she did the same as she had with Ranboo's egg. She even explained the process to the clownfish, answering all their questions. Soon enough that egg hatched as well.

A tiny yellow and brown striped siren soon sat in her hands, shiny emerald green eyes focused on her. She decided to name him Tubbo. Her younger guppy was a lot more adventurous than her oldest, the brunette would dart off at anything that caught his interest. He always returned but it always gave Kristin a heart attack when she'd look over and the leporinus was not in sight; she will forever be grateful that Ranboo kept an eye on his younger brother and could point him out whenever Kristin couldn't find him.

Tubbo brought over an egg one day, one Kristin couldn't recognize. The brunette demanded, well more like begged her, for a younger sibling. He held the egg out to her, asking for this one to be their younger sibling. Now, most sirens don't have more than one child, maybe two, but three? Three was excessive. But Kristin loved her babies, they both brought so much joy to her life, surely a third would just bring even more happiness. So she agreed, the mystery egg would be their younger sibling.

The process repeated, Tubbo asked the same questions Ranboo had at first. This time though the clownfish was the one to answer them, only having to refer to Kristin if he couldn't remember a specific detail. Tubbo questioned a lot about ocean magic, how it worked, why it was a thing, and why humans couldn't use it. So she told him the story her father told her;

Long ago two humans fell in love, but their parents forbade them to be together. They couldn't handle being apart, so when the one family returned to their home across the sea the two lovers would cross the ocean to secretly meet. But one day one of the lovers didn't show up, for days the one lover never appeared and the other grieved the loss. They begged the ocean to give them back their lover, believing the ocean was the one to steal the lover away. The ocean heard their cry; taking one fish egg and the magic of the moon the ocean made the

first siren. The ocean imbued the lost lover's soul into the siren for the remaining lover. The two were reunited, now no longer alone.

But the one lover was human, they started to grow old. So the siren begged the ocean for help once more. The ocean answered their calls, it drowned the lover, turning them into a siren just like the other lover. The two were the first sirens. The ocean gave them a way to make more sirens, a way to grow their family. And that's how sirens were made, because the ocean took pity on two star-crossed lovers.

Tubbo called the story mushy but Ranboo was enthralled, requesting it nearly every night before bed. She happily obliged, the two tucked close to her chest right next to the growing egg. She'd sing them lullabies of the sea, stories of sirens and pirates, fairytales she's overheard from other sirens. Her days were peaceful with her two children.

That is until Theseus hatched.

The little lionfish was definitely a handful, tiny red and white striped body, frilled fins, bright blue eyes, and a taste for adventure. Tommy was a spitfire of a guppy, always managing to get into trouble. He'd pick fights with tinier fish, slashing at them with his pointed stick. He'd always rush ahead, sometimes even into rocks. Even though he seemed reckless and chaotic he never did anything that put anyone but himself in danger. Tubbo would follow his reckless tendencies, creating even more chaos for the basslet. One thing Tommy was though was loyal, the lionfish would leap into any fight against anything if it tried to mess with their pod.

It became difficult to teach the younglings how to hunt because Tommy would jump out before the others were ready, effectively scaring away the fish. Kristin had to change up her teaching methods, changing the dynamic to have Tommy as the lead hunter while still leaving Ranboo in charge. Even if Ranboo wasn't the oldest she would still have kept them in charge, he just naturally fell into that protective nature.

So needless to say when she arrived at the nest and didn't see any of her guppies, she was a tad nervous. It could just be they were out hunting or exploring and would return soon, she trusted Ranboo to keep the other two out of trouble and safe; they always did. She tried to push down the worry churning in her gut, they were fine. Her babies were strong, they would be home soon and all three would be okay. She was worrying for no reason.

She got her bag partway unpacked, supplies being placed in their designated spots. A shift in the current told her that her children were back, so she smiled brightly and turned to greet them.

"Hello, boys! I hope you guys didn't cause too much trouble, I..."

Her smile faltered.

Tubbo had a hand on his brother's shoulder, keeping the blonde close. Tommy looked like he had been crying, sniffles and whines escaping him. The lionfish was hunched into himself, avoiding looking at her. The brunette's own gaze was locked onto the ground, fins pinned

back and showing his obvious distress. Her two youngest looked distraught, something had obviously happened.

It was then that she noticed the lack of her oldest, an extremely abnormal sight. Tubbo's gaze traveled up before locking onto her own, his eyes told her enough to put together what had happened.

Something happened when they three went out to do their usual hunting, something bad. Whatever it was left the two of them relatively unscathed while Ranboo was gone.

Her blood ran cold.

No, no not her guppy. Something took her guppy, it probably would have taken all of her young. Ranboo, the protector of the three, no doubt sacrificed himself for the other two. And now they were gone.

She swam forward and pulled her remaining children close, both clung to her. Tommy's tears started anew as he sobbed into her shoulder, even Tubbo started to cry silently. Tiny claws clung to her as they sobbed out apologies, each one trying to take the blame and explain what happened. She heard something about an orca, a ship, bait, and worst of all a net.

It then became clear what had happened to her oldest. A ship had wandered into her territory, stole one of her babies, and then fled fearing her wrath. They were right to flee because she would be tearing them apart the second she got her hands on that cursed vessel.

They better pray to whatever god they believe in that her baby is safe, because if not?

She'd be dragging each member of that crew down to the deepest ravine in the ocean she could find, watching them each struggle for air before slowly swallowing water until they stopped squirming. She'd rip that ship apart plank by plank until she found Ranboo. And if even one hair on their head was damaged? She'd make each human aboard that ship walk off the edge and sink.

The ocean shook that day as a guttural scream tore its way through the waves for miles. A warning to whoever thought they would get away from her.

She'd be getting her baby back, one way or another.



Chapter End Notes

Welp!

That's the end of the first part!

Don't worry this isn't the end of Fishboo and his life of Piracy, there's still so much left to this story!!

Idk when the next part will be coming out but be on the lookout for it!!

If you want updates on what I'm up to fic writing-wise I suggest you join my discord or follow my twitter since I give updates there~

I hope to see you all again when the second parts starts!!

In the mean time feel free to check out some of my other fics to pass the time~

End Notes

Thank you for reading my fics!

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